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Editor's Desk

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT is America's largest publisher. The range of publications created by various government agencies for our citizenry is seemingly endless, and includes such diverse titles as *Subterranean Termites: How to Recognize Them and Identify Damage to Wood*, *U.S. Foreign Trade Highlights, 1984*, and *The Dental Plaque Battle is Endless, But Worth It*. Many Government Printing Office (GPO) publications have historical relevance, ranging from *Family Folklore*, a booklet on how to record family stories and traditions (7 pages, \$1), to the eight-volume *Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships* (5,399 pages, \$142).

I frequently refer to such titles, and over the years I've come to view government publications as being useful and informative—but, well, not very creative or imaginative.

While doing research for several recent articles in *American History Illustrated*, however, I've come across some publications that have forced me to amend my blanket-view. One group of GPO titles—a series of visitor handbooks produced by the Department of the Interior—is very impressive.

Created by a National Park Service staff at Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, and sold at various parks and sites around the country as well as through the Government Printing Office, these guides are intended to serve as “compact introductions to the great natural and historic places administered by the National Park Service” and to “promote understanding and enjoyment of the parks.”

Nearly seventy guides are currently in print. Recent handbooks have been designed in what the Park Service calls “Unigrid”—in plain English, a uniform format. The books are really superb. They are compact (about six by eight-and-a-half inches), have soft covers, and vary in the number of pages and price. They are heavily and beautifully illustrated, with many color photographs, historic paintings, and specially commissioned illustrations and maps. And they are very well-written, usually by historians and specialists in the field being discussed.

The 112-page handbook on Appomattox Court House National Historical Park, for example, includes a thoughtful personal essay on Appomattox by university professor and military historian Jay Luvaas; an in-depth narrative of the final week of the Army of Northern Virginia by Civil War author Joseph P. Cullen; photographs and concise profiles of the leading personalities who met at Appomattox; old newspaper accounts of General Lee's surrender; texts of the surrender documents; a history of the national historical park and a guide to it today; and a map showing the route of Lee's retreat across Virginia, with directions for the visitor who wishes to retrace it. The book sells for \$6.

In short, the National Park Handbooks are carefully conceived, excellently written, illustrated, and designed, and are reasonably priced. It would be hard to find a better bargain.

On page 10 of this issue we have included a summary of some recent titles in the National Park Handbook series. I recommend them highly. ★

Ed Holm
Editor

Mailbox

Constitution Issue

You and your staff are to be commended for the Summer 1987 issue of *American History Illustrated*, commemorating the 200th anniversary of our Constitution. There was a great selection of art works, and their reproduction was just beautiful. The coverage of the people involved, the problems they faced and resolved, and the circumstances of the period, was extraordinary, being very concise and yet making it easy for the reader to relate to.

Everend O. Thorne, Jr., D.C.
Red Wing, Minnesota

We the People

I am a historian, presently writing the history of my township. Over the years I have read many books on American history, but never have I enjoyed anything as much as your "We the People" [Summer 1987 issue].

Somehow, this issue must get into the hands of our school children who spend more time studying ancient history yet know little about our "Heritage."

Thank you for a quality job.

Thomas J. Filippio
Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania

Embarrassing Errors

I would like to inform you of two errors in two different issues of your magazine:

In the Stephen Foster article in the April 1987 issue, the text on page 48 states that the composer died in January 1846, when on page 45 it states that he died on January 13, 1864. [1864 is the correct date.]

In the Amelia Earhart article in the May 1987 issue, the picture caption on page 18 states that Earhart's husband was George Palmer, when in reality he was George Putnam (as stated in the fourth paragraph of the same page).

Your magazine is very informative and interesting. I enjoy reading it.

Linda S. King
Indianapolis, Indiana

More Perspective on Rockwell

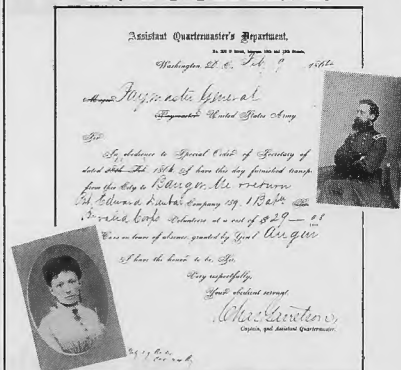
I disagree completely with Mr. C. Stuart's "Rockwell Perspective" [Mailbox, March 1987 issue] regarding Norman Rockwell's lack of perspective. Rockwell's perspective (for effect) exceeds that of a camera. For example, in his picture of the returning soldier [page 32, December 1986 issue], Mr. Stuart claims that for proper perspective, the soldier should be at least twice the size depicted. If so, the figure would be overpowering, thus detracting from the intent of the painting, which is to show the reaction of the home folk upon suddenly seeing the return of a dear family member. The effect is heartwarming just as portrayed. The soldier's small size and stance suggests loneliness and allots him an equal role with other characters, rather than a domineering one. I believe this was intended.

As to the "at least five horizons when there should only be one" [page 30, December issue], here again we must judge the picture on the basis of its captivating effect on the viewer (which Rockwell so cleverly accomplishes). Why must Rockwell adhere to technical (camera) perspectives when all other artists are not held to any rule whatsoever! The picture, as is, accomplishes its purpose admirably. It captivates one's imagination and projects a scenario of a moment of grandeur for the family with the new car and the excitement and hints of envy on the faces of the people visited. If the "toy" pump in the foreground were larger, it would divert attention from the intent of the picture. Rockwell knew what he was doing: he purposely distorted to achieve an outstanding picture story.

Rockwell's paintings transcend camera capabilities, which cannot be said of any other artist at any time. His paintings, I believe, will be the main source for historical reference of life in the twentieth century, in future centuries when present "modern" paintings will be long forgotten.

A. W. Ullmann
Waldwick, New Jersey

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AMERICAN HISTORY ILLUSTRATED

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Cover

Eighteen years after coming to the aid of the American colonies in the War of Independence, the Marquis de Lafayette found himself in need of a liberator. In 1794 Francis Huger, son of a patriot who had once harbored Lafayette in America, took part in an attempt to rescue the French hero from an Austrian prison. The cover illustration depicts a tense moment in this ill-fated endeavor; the full story of Huger and Lafayette appears on pages 16-25.

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Knew Amelia Earhart

Thank you for the lengthy article, with pictures, on Amelia Earhart in the May 1987 issue. She was a friend of mine in her early flying years, after her trip to Wales as the first woman to cross the Atlantic. That was *not* her solo flight, but in 1928 when, as she told me, "she lay on the floor of the plane like a sack of potatoes," as no one had thought to make any provision for her whatever! The two fliers would not allow her to even touch the "stick," so even though she was welcomed like royalty on landing, she was also frustrated, and wished people would honor the men who had flown the plane safely and successfully across a vast ocean! That was Amelia—not seeking any praise or attention for herself, but in all fairness wanting the pilot and navigator to get their just due! From that day on the attention she got and the publicity that surrounded her was most distasteful to her. Yet, apparently, there was no way to avoid it, if she was to promote flying as a Science and an Art! Even that early she saw women taking their places in the fast-expanding and exciting method of transportation!

Today, certain researchers, known to each other, and a few who have written books or articles on their findings, are honestly convinced, as I am, that Earhart did *not* drown in the South Pacific on her proposed flight-around-the-world, but lived until July 7, 1982, in New Jersey, after she was restored to the United States at the end of the Second World War! But because she lived under an "assumed name" no one realized she was who she really was, and she would not admit her true identity even when people realized they were looking at or talking with the former almost-idolized woman flier, Amelia Earhart! In this manner she avoided the displeasing publicity and demands on her.

If eager readers wish to follow up, more or less, on this amazing "mystery story," better than anything Agatha Christie ever wrote, they can go to their nearest library and ask for the book *Amelia*

Earhart Lives by Joe Klaas, published in the early '70s by McGraw Hill, and now withdrawn and out of print, but still "available" if sought out by librarians through their established modern methods of finding such books.

This year, 1987, is the fiftieth anniversary of Earhart's strange disappearance, and many of her fans feel it is time the United States Government gave the Country and the World the proper details of her "capture" by the Japanese in July 1937, and her life thereafter until July 7, 1982, when she left the "mystery" to posterity, and took her last "flight."

After all, History *needs* to be TOLD, and her life became "history" even long before her effort to fly around the world at the equator, or close to it in places. Those who knew our friend, "AE," are thinning out fast. She was six years older than I, and while I'm not thinking of taking my "last flight" now, or soon, I'm into the "octo" class!

Ella May Frazer
Las Cruces, New Mexico

Heard Earhart Rumors

With regard to your May [1987] issue concerning Amelia Earhart: When I was a prisoner of war during World War II, one of my fellow P.O.W.s claimed the Japanese had captured a woman and a man. He was told this while on one of the work parties. This was while we were working in Osaka, Japan. This was approximately in 1943 or 1944.

I was captured on Guam at the outbreak of World War II. I was a Marine.

Hoping this will be of some help to you.

John R. Podlesney
Ashland, Wisconsin

Another Earhart View

Gerry Bruder's article on Amelia Earhart [May 1987 issue] recounts the facts about Earhart's disappearance, as well as the "legend" and conspiracy theories that have developed in the many years subse-

quent to her loss. Unfortunately, the author did not list in his suggested readings perhaps the best and most factual of all the Earhart books, Richard Strippel's *Amelia Earhart: The Myth and the Reality*, (New York: Exposition Press, 1972). While the other authors have dealt with suppositions, Strippel approaches the subject through the means of navigational expertise, fuel consumption charts, and the now-declassified Navy and Coast Guard records concerning the flight.

Based on captured Japanese records, it is evident that the Japanese military build-up in the Mandated islands didn't begin until 1940 and 1941. At this time, U.S. military reconnaissance flights were undertaken to discover the Japanese fortifications. In short, the "spy flight" theory doesn't hold up.

As to the numerous reports of Earhart's plane being sighted at various islands, either as having crashed or being destroyed on the ground, it should be remembered that in the late 1930s, Japan Air Lines Company purchased a number of Lockheed-14 aircraft that were similar in design but slightly larger than the Model 10 flown by Earhart. Furthermore, the Japanese modified the L-14 design and produced 121 aircraft of their own production as the Kawasaki Ki-56 which saw wide service in the Pacific as a transport. To a lay observer, these planes would look quite similar to the Electra.

These days conspiracy theories are popular, but there are several better candidates for "spy" flights than Earhart. Unfortunately, she was a victim of her own lack of flying ability.

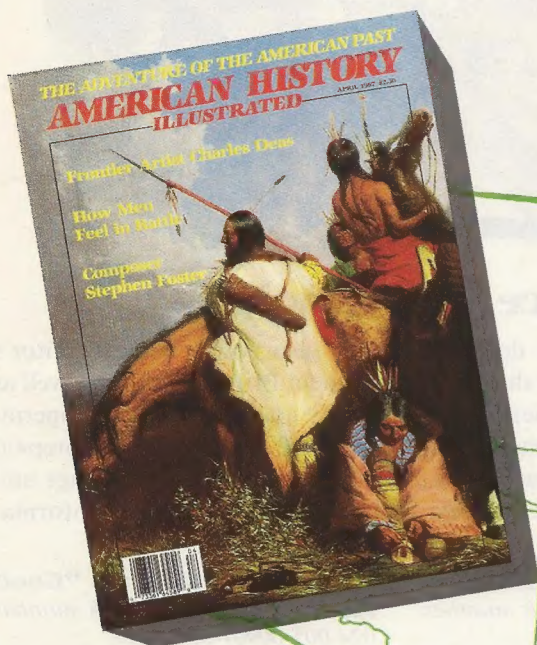
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The recently published National Park Service Handbooks described below, also noted in the "Editor's Desk" column on page 4 of this issue, can be obtained from the U.S. Government Printing Office as well as at related historic sites administered by the National Park Service. [To order by mail, write to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. Orders must be prepaid by check or money order, or charged to Visa or Mastercard accounts. The listed prices include postage and handling. Stock numbers accompanying the titles should be included in the order. For additional information, call the GPO Main Order Desk at 202-783-3238.]

Appomattox Court House (112 pages, stock number 024-005-00778-4, \$6).

This volume is a guide to the restored Virginia village where Robert E. Lee surrendered his army to Union commander Ulysses S. Grant, effectively ending the Civil War. Includes a detailed narrative of the historic events of April 2-9, 1865.

Fort Laramie (160 pages, stock number 024-005-00900-1, \$7.50).

This handbook on Fort Laramie National Historic Site in southeastern Wyoming provides a historical account of the successive trading and military posts that served as centers of trade, diplomacy, and warfare on the northern plains. Includes a section of the life of the soldier in the frontier West.

Fort Vancouver (145 pages, stock number 024-005-00816-1, \$7).

The struggle between the United States and Great Britain for control of the Oregon country is at the heart of this volume, which includes the story of the Northwest fur trade and a guide to present-day Fort Vancouver National Historic Site.

Exploring the American West (128 pages, stock number 024-005-00834-9, \$6).

Informative and well-illustrated, this book tells the story of how and why the land between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean was explored from 1803-1879. Includes sections on the explorers, mountain men, and scientists who opened the West, and the artists, mapmakers, and photographers who documented it.

The Overland Migrations (112 pages, stock number 024-005-00932-9, \$5).

A fitting companion volume to *Exploring the American West*, this book is a narrative of the epic treks of thousands of men, women, and children to new homes across the plains. It contains a guide to the principal sites that illustrate the pioneers' journeys.

Salem (160 pages, stock number 024-005-01014-9, \$5).

The history of "the city sea trade built" is the focus of this volume that also highlights three places associated with the town's maritime past: Salem Maritime National Historic Site, the Peabody Museum, and the Essex Institute.

Benjamin Franklin's "Good House" (64 pages, stock number 024-005-00907-8, \$3.25).

This volume tells the story of the only house that Benjamin Franklin ever owned (off Market Street in Philadelphia), its sad destruction, and of Franklin Court, the memorial raised on the original site.

Fort Sumter (64 pages, stock number 024-005-00919-1, \$3).

On April 12, 1861, a Confederate mortar shell bursting over Fort Sumter inaugurated the Civil War. Two years later Sumter was the site of a gallant defense in which Confederate soldiers kept Federal forces at bay for 587 days. This book contains a narrative of the fort's role in the War and a guide to the national monument today.

Carl Sandburg Home (128 pages, stock number 024-005-00835-7, \$6.50).

The Carl Sandburg Home National Historic Site in Flat Rock, North Carolina, memorializes the poet-author who spent the last twenty-two years of his life there. The handbook contains an in-depth essay on the life and works of Sandburg, visitor information, and reference materials.

Bookshelf

Independence (64 pages, stock number 024-005-00913-2, \$3).

Information on more than two dozen major historical attractions within Philadelphia's Independence National Historical Park accompanies a narrative summarizing the story of America's struggle for independence.

The Framing of the Federal Constitution (112 pages, stock number 024-005-01000-9, \$4.75).

This concise history of the framing of the federal Constitution during the summer of 1787 also contains the full text of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and subsequent amendments.

Lincoln Memorial (48 pages, stock number 024-005-00974-4, \$2).

This handbook includes both the story of "a determined, but patient man" and the history of the famous monument created in his memory.

Arlington House (48 pages, stock number 024-005-00972-8, \$2).

This handbook is a visitor's and historical guide to Arlington House, the northern Virginia home of Robert E. Lee that today overlooks the Potomac River, Washington, D.C., and Arlington National Cemetery.

Morristown (112 pages, stock number 024-005-00905-1, \$4.50).

Continental Army encampments at Morristown, New Jersey, played pivotal roles in the Revolutionary War; this book provides extensive information on military life during the conflict as well as a guide to Morristown National Historic Park.

Hopewell Furnace (96 pages, stock number 024-005-00904-3, \$2.75).

The story of the early iron industry is the focus of this guide to the Berks County, Pennsylvania, national historic site where visitors can experience a close approximation of life in a nineteenth-century ironmaking community. ★

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American History Today

Bill of Rights Draft Found

A draft of the Bill of Rights, written by Roger Sherman, has been found among the James Madison papers at the Library of Congress. Sherman was a member of the select committee appointed by the House of Representatives on July 21, 1789, "to take the subject of amendments to the Constitution of the United States generally into their consideration." He evidently composed a bill of rights hoping that his colleagues would, as the first words of the draft indicate, "report as their opinion" the document he had written.

The document was discovered by chief of the manuscript division James Hutson while researching documents relating to the Constitution's development.

Sherman's authorship was established by comparing the handwriting in the draft with known Sherman documents at the Library and

by an endorsement on the draft, "Amendments to the Constitution," to which is added, in a fainter hand (apparently Madison's), "by Mr. Sherman July 1789."

That Sherman prepared a draft of the Bill of Rights contradicts popular opinion about his role in its creation and demonstrates how little is known about its birth. The accepted view of Sherman is that he was an inveterate foe of the Bill of Rights.

What Sherman actually proposed, however, was Madison's efforts to incorporate amendments into the body of the Constitution rather than append them as a group at the end of the document. "We ought not to interweave our propositions into the work itself," he told the House, "because it will be destructive of the whole fabric." Sherman's draft appears to have

been an attempt to demonstrate how a bill of rights could be written as a coherent addendum to the Constitution.

Far from opposing Madison on the substance of a bill of rights, Sherman included in his draft many of the provisions contained in Madison's June 8 speech proposing such amendments to Congress. In places, Sherman borrowed Madison's exact language. Although Sherman added some ideas of his own, his draft seems to be more an effort to condense and refine Madison's June 8 proposals, showing him as more a collaborator than an adversary of Madison in his efforts to induce Congress to adopt a bill of rights.

That the contrary impression prevails is primarily the result of the lamentable lack of documentation of the birth of the Bill of Rights. ★

Sight & Sound

From D-Day to Victory in Europe written and narrated by Max Hastings (*Promotions Plus*, 6730 North St., Dept. NP121, Tinley Park, IL 60477; VHS or Beta videocassette, MP1179, 110 minutes, \$39.95).

Max Hastings, author of *Battle for the Falklands* and *Overlord*, narrates this two-hour videocassette about European events at the end of World War II from D-Day to the final declaration of peace a year later. The video begins with the launching of Operation Overlord, of which the Battle of Normandy was the first major action. By using actual battlefield film footage and computer graphics to show battle lines and strategies, *Victory in Europe* dramatizes what Winston Churchill called "much the greatest thing we have ever attempted." American, Soviet, British, German, and Polish newsreel companies contributed to the film. Accompanying these battlefield scenes is Max Hastings' explanation of

each major battle. Also included are numerous stills of major leaders and notable quotes from them. The final year of this global conflict is critically reappraised with dramatic classical music providing a background. Viewing the videocassette is much like watching a PBS series on World War II. The production is both entertaining and educational, and will provide the entire family with new insights into one of the most critical years in world history.

The American History Series (*Video Knowledge, Inc.*, distributed by Benu Productions, 165 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016, 212-213-8511; VHS or Beta videocassette, 8 thirty-minute videos at \$49.95 each. Available in Spanish. Fifty-minute bilingual editions \$69.95 each).

This eight-volume educational series of videocassettes is designed primarily to help students understand the major trends in American

history. Each tape serves as a study guide with each tape ending with questions whose answers sum up the basic information in each. The series includes "Discovery and Exploration [to 1774];" "First American Revolution;" "Expansion and Growth—Nineteenth Century America;" "A Divided House—Civil War;" "Industrial America;" "Becoming a Modern Nation;" "The Transformation of American Society;" and "Twentieth Century America." The series remains at a basic introductory level rather than delving into each major era. Typical of the selections is "The Transformation of American Society," which covers changing American lifestyles; the rise of the major cities, particularly port cities such as Chicago and New York; the start of the civil rights movement; and the changes in communication in American society from the revolutionizing invention of the telegraph to space age satellites. ★

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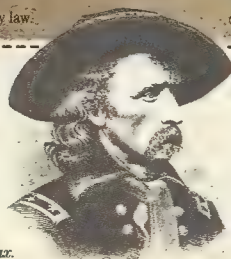
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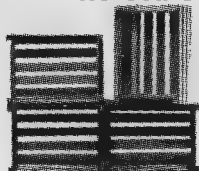
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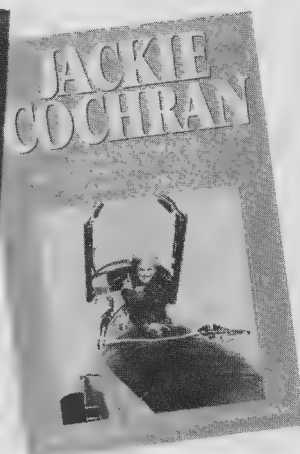
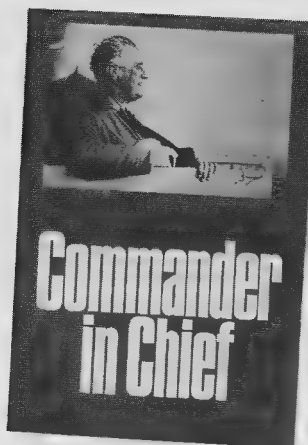
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Commander in Chief: Franklin Delano Roosevelt, His Lieutenants, & Their War

by Eric Larrabee (Harper & Row, New York, 1987; 723 pages, \$25).

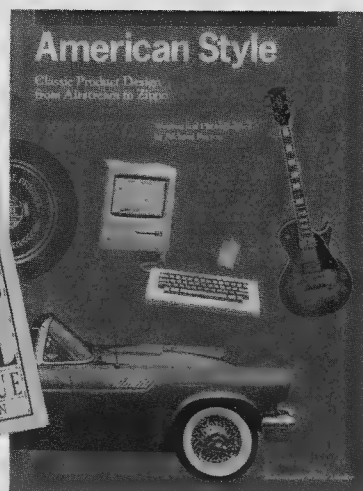
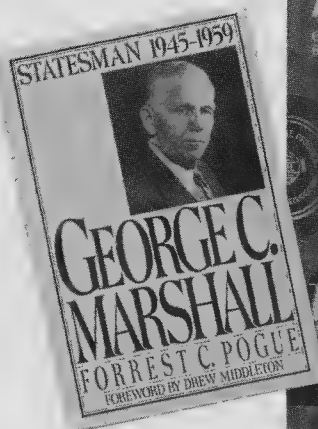
Countless volumes on Franklin Delano Roosevelt line bookshelves, but none have concentrated as this one does on the man as "war lord." Although his commander in chief role has gone largely unrecognized, FDR exercised his constitutional authority with a determination matched by few American presidents. In this long but remarkable volume, Pratt Institute's Eric Larrabee reveals how Roosevelt directed the two-theater war, picked his key military leaders, and masterminded the alliance between Britain and the U.S. so that Washington was in control. *Commander in Chief* also describes FDR's principal military chiefs, their strategies, and their battles. The author emphasizes that Roosevelt hand-picked brilliant leaders: George Marshall, Ernest King, Henry Arnold, Dwight D. Eisenhower, and Douglas MacArthur. FDR used his legendary political savvy to mobilize Americans for uncompromising commitment to a total Allied victory. This volume recounts the president's active role as commander in chief even before the war, when he gave military aid to Britain, ordered increased aircraft production, reinforced the Philippines, and placed an oil embargo on Japan. Key to the narrative is the Roosevelt-Churchill relationship. The British Prime Minister called FDR "the greatest

man I have ever known." Ironically, this great man did not live to see the outcome of his efforts—the "man-killing job" of running a major war worsened his declining health and this extraordinary commander in chief died only months before the war ended.

Jackie Cochran: An Autobiography

by Jacqueline Cochran and Maryann Bucknum Brinley (Bantam Books, Inc., New York, 1987; 358 pages, illustrated, \$18.95).

Known as the greatest woman pilot in aviation history, Jackie Cochran held more speed, distance, and altitude records than any aviator, male or female, at the time of her death in 1980. But her story is about much more than a daring aviatrix. This remarkable woman was an orphan who chose her name from a telephone book. Raised by foster parents in squalid, sawmill company towns, Cochran attended school for only two years. At age nine, she was an inspection supervisor in a cotton mill. Later she became a beautician, eventually owning her own cosmetics company that still exists today. She counted among her friends such notables as Chuck Yeager, Amelia Earhart, Howard Hughes, and presidents Dwight D. Eisenhower and Lyndon Johnson. Her aviation career spanned four decades, from the barnstorming days of the 1930s, through World War II when she founded the Women's Air Force Service Pilot (WASP) program,



into the jet age when she became the first aviatrix to break the sound barrier. Cochran's incredible story springs to life in this autobiography that combines a previous account with taped reminiscences, Jackie's handwritten notes, and interviews with her friends and colleagues. The end result is an oral autobiography that has been called a "remarkably revealing personal portrait of the most famous woman aviator of her day."

George C. Marshall: Statesman 1945-1959 by Forrest C. Pogue (Viking Penguin, Inc., New York, 1987; 603 pages, illustrated, \$29.95).

This fourth and final biographical volume on George C. Marshall completes renowned historian Forrest C. Pogue's monumental and definitive account of the life of one of America's great leaders. Publication coincided with the fortieth anniversary of Marshall's Harvard commencement speech announcing the Marshall Plan. The narrative in this hefty book begins with the end of World War II and Marshall's involvement in the decision to unleash the atomic bomb on Japan. The former Army chief of staff's postwar career is examined in depth. His 1946 mission to China, his brief stint as secretary of state, his work as head of the American Red Cross, and his service as secretary of defense during the Korean War (including his involvement in the controversial dismissal of General Douglas MacArthur as com-

mander in chief of United Nations forces) are all detailed by Pogue's masterful pen. The first three volumes of this "authorized biography," published over the last twenty-five years, have also been reissued with this final Pogue work on the life of Marshall.

American Style: Classic Product Design from Airstream to Zippo written and photographed by Richard Sexton (Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1987; 135 pages, paperback, \$16.95).

Frisbees and slinkies, Polaroid cameras and Kodachrome, the Thunderbird and the Corvette, and Jack Daniels and Coca Cola—each and every one of these products has something in common: they are American in origin and design. Richard Sexton showcases 130 products, each having an accompanying narrative divided into two parts—descriptive and factual data. For instance, the classic seven-ounce Coca Cola bottle is recognized by ninety percent of the world's almost five billion people; M & M candy is named for its creators, Forrest Mars, Sr., and former associate Bruce Murrie; the Levi jeans worn by Bruce Springsteen on the cover of his *Born in the USA* album have remained basically unchanged since the 1880s. Sexton contends that the best way to examine American culture is through its products. By studying product trends, Sexton has found a way to study the American people socially, culturally, and economically.

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During the Revolutionary War
this French aristocrat risked his life for American independence.
Two decades later a patriot's son repaid the debt.

An American's Attempt to Rescue Lafayette

by Alexandra Lee Levin

THE STORY OF Francis Huger and the Marquis de Lafayette is a remarkable one, made more so by the role that chance-encounters twice played in the destinies of the two men.

The first link in the chain of events that would bring the wealthy French aristocrat and obscure young American together occurred on June 13, 1777, when the Marquis, then nineteen years old, landed near Georgetown, South Carolina, on his way to Philadelphia to offer his services to the Continental Congress. Silas Deane, a confidential agent sent to Paris to secure supplies and aid for the American revolution, had promised commissions in the "Armies of the States-General of North America" to Lafayette, Baron de Kalb, and several French nobles.

The *Victoire*, the vessel purchased by Lafayette and his companions for the Atlantic crossing, made land safely, but the group decided not to proceed to Charleston without first learning whether the city, then under British blockade, had fallen into enemy hands. Lafayette and Kalb embarked for shore in a small boat, and soon they met some slaves belonging to a local patriot, Major Benjamin Huger. The slaves guided the strangers to the Huger home on North Island in Georgetown's harbor.

Late on the night of the thirteenth, the Huger family was alarmed by a loud knocking at the door. Fearing a British raid, they barred their windows and refused admittance to the strangers outside. But at length they were made to understand who the visitors were, and Major Huger, grandson of a Huguenot merchant who had emigrated to South Carolina in 1685, offered the strangers a safe haven. The guests remained for two days

and a night at the Huger home, the first American roof to give them shelter.

Later Major Huger accompanied the newcomers to Charleston. From there, using horses brought from the Huger plantation, the visitors started on their way to Philadelphia. Soon after their arrival in July 1777, the Continental Congress granted both Lafayette and Kalb commissions as major generals.

At the time, Major Huger's son, Francis, was only three years old.

LAFAYETTE served the American revolutionary cause well. He fought and was wounded at Brandywine and shared the hardships of Valley Forge. He battled at Monmouth and distinguished himself in the Yorktown campaign, receiving from Congress a formal recognition of his services. Lafayette earned widespread admiration for his bravery and military skill and became the lifelong friend of George Washington.

Although the battle of Yorktown ended Lafayette's military career in America, he was subsequently caught up in violent events at home. He became a leader of the French Revolution and on July 14, 1790, took a prominent part in the celebration of the first anniversary of the Bastille's destruction.

When, in December 1791, three armies were formed to attack Austria, Lafayette was placed in command of a French unit. He opposed the further growth of the Jacobin party, however, and it was his intention to eventually employ his army in the restoration of a limited monarchy. In August 1792, the National Assembly of France declared him a traitor. He fled to Liege, an independent church-state governed by its prince-bishops. There, as one of the prime movers of the Revolution, he was captured and held as a prisoner of state, first in Prussian and later in Austrian jails.

FRANCIS HUGER had been about six years old when his father, fighting with a regiment of riflemen in the South Carolina militia, was killed during the siege of Charleston. Two years later, Francis's mother, Mary Kinloch Huger, sent the lad to England. Entrusted to the care of an Englishman who was returning home, young Francis was placed in a good public school. After having completed his education there, he studied medicine in London under John Hunter, a distinguished surgeon.

Before returning home to America, Francis wanted to see for himself the war then raging in Europe between France and a European coalition aligned against her. In the spring of 1794 he crossed to the Continent and for several months served on the medical staff of the British army in Flanders.

From Antwerp, Huger traveled to Vienna, where in a coffeehouse he met Dr. Justus Erich Bollman, a twenty-five-year-old native of Hanover who was fluent in English. Although neither man then realized it, this chance-meeting would have far-reaching effects.

Curiosity about Lafayette's whereabouts was widespread in the autumn of 1794 and Huger, because of his

childhood encounter with the marquis, was naturally interested. During his meeting with Bollman, Huger happened to confide how Lafayette had found refuge in the Huger home many years earlier. Bollman in turn asked Huger about America, its institutions, and its distinguished men. As the conversation continued, Huger mentioned that he was anxious to find a traveling companion for his return to England prior to sailing home. Perhaps Bollman would agree to accompany him?

Possibly fearing that Huger was a government agent, Bollman hesitated to agree. But a week or so later the doctor called on Huger at his Vienna lodgings and revealed startling information. He told the American that he not only knew where Lafayette was—imprisoned in Olmütz, a formidable fortress city in the Moravian section of Austria—but that he was involved in a plan to help the French hero to escape.

Although he was a physician, Bollman was more suited to a life of adventure than of medicine. At the height of the Terror in 1792, Bollman had engineered an endangered French count's escape from Paris to England. Two years later, French exiles in London engaged him as their agent in Prussia to work for Lafayette's release.

About three months after Lafayette's disappearance, Bollman had gone as a casual visitor to Olmütz, where he knew some important French political prisoners had been taken. Security there was so tight that the prisoners were held incognito and locked behind double doors. Not even the guards were allowed to speak to them.

At Olmütz Bollman had made the acquaintance of Dr. Haberlein, the prison surgeon. Feigning illness, Bollman had asked Haberlein to act as his physician. Soon he had become sufficiently friendly with the surgeon to confirm that Lafayette was in the prison, and to ask Haberlein to carry an occasional message to him. On a scrap of paper Bollman had jotted the names of several American friends in London who had inquired about the general's health. In addition to the list of names was a line of no apparent consequence that directed the general, after he had read the message, to "mettez-le au feu." The unsuspecting surgeon had carried the seemingly innocent note to Lafayette, who correctly interpreted the last line. When alone in his cell the Frenchman held the paper *near* a candle flame instead of burning it. Through a reaction with the heat, a secret message written in lemon juice became visible. This informed him of planned rescue efforts by his friends and Bollman.

Imprisoned in Austria in 1794 for his role in the French Revolution, the Marquis de Lafayette became the object of a daring rescue plan that involved a German and a young American, Francis Huger. Although held under heavy security, the prisoner was able to communicate with his potential liberators via secret messages written in lemon juice (opposite), carried by the unsuspecting prison doctor.



Later Lafayette persuaded Haberlein to deliver a small book to Bollman as a gift. In a message written in lemon juice on a page margin, the prisoner suggested that when he was taken for an airing in an open carriage (a concession granted every second day because of his frail health), someone leading an extra horse should meet him and help him to escape. Lafayette explained that he was usually accompanied only by a corporal and a clumsy driver. "We go different roads," he wrote, "sometimes thro' byroads, and do not always return the same way we went; but we always go half a German mile, one league, or sometimes a full mile, two leagues from town." He added that the bolder and more unexpected the encounter, the better chance it would have of succeeding: "I will frighten the little cowardly corporal with his sword; I will not have the least difficulty to jump on a led horse."

AFTER TELLING HUGER of his plan to free Lafayette, Bollman asked his assistance in the daring venture. The American readily agreed. He saw the opportunity, he later explained, "of doing a service to the man who had done so much for the liberation of my country, who had helped it to win the independence I enjoy at home . . . my desire was to restore an unhappy man to liberty and to his friends."

In late October 1794, Huger and Bollman, posing as a young English nobleman and his tutor, left Vienna with a small carriage and two riding horses. They pretended that they were embarking on a botanical and geological expedition. Servants and baggage occupied the carriage, while the two gentlemen rode horseback. Bollman's knowledge of the language and roads helped to allay suspicion.

By the first week of November, Huger and Bollman were at the inn at Olmütz, ostensibly visiting Haberlein. They told him they were on their way back to England. Again using the unsuspecting doctor as a "go-between," Bollman got a message to Lafayette notifying him of their arrival.

On the morning of November 8, the date set for the rescue attempt, Huger and Bollman paid their bill at the inn and sent their carriage and servants twenty-five miles ahead to the village of Hoff. Next, Huger and Bollman rode a considerable distance from town. Contrary to the plan Lafayette had proposed, the rescuers did not take along an extra horse, being concerned that it would arouse suspicion. Rather, one of the two horses they rode was trained to carry two riders.

The pair rode for some time, but when they did not see Lafayette's phaeton they turned back toward town. When the prison was again within sight they saw the phaeton approaching. A civilian driver sat in front, Lafayette and the corporal guarding him occupied the rear seat, and another soldier rode behind.

Huger and Bollman continued down the road a short distance before turning around and following after the carriage. Soon the phaeton stopped, and Lafayette and the corporal alighted. Lafayette took hold of the sol-

dier's arm and urged him along a little footpath that ran above the highway. As the Frenchman edged toward a field he waved a white handkerchief behind his back.

At this signal the excited young men spurred their mounts and dashed up. As it turned out, they would have done better to let their horses trot up slowly. When Lafayette heard the clatter of hooves he seized the hilt of the corporal's sword and tried to pull it from its scabbard. But the corporal, instead of being paralyzed by fright, grabbed the blade in both hands, and when the would-be rescuers rode up, the two men were struggling for possession of the sword. Bollman quickly dismounted and held out the bridle of his horse to Huger, who, however, failed to catch it. Frightened by the commotion, the horse had swerved just at the moment when Huger reached for the bridle. The skittish animal then galloped off.

Meanwhile the corporal had grabbed Lafayette by the throat, and, as Bollman rushed against him, the soldier fell, dragging Lafayette down on top of him. When the marquis faintly cried out that he was being choked, Huger wrenched the corporal's hands from his throat. Bollman then pinned the corporal to the ground and stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth. Lafayette's hand was bleeding where the soldier had bitten him (he lost part of a finger in the struggle), and his back, badly twisted, pained him.

Apparently struck dumb by the startling events, the driver of the phaeton made no attempt to intervene. But the soldier who had been riding at the back of the carriage dashed back toward town, shouting and waving his cap to raise the alarm.

Lafayette struggled to his feet. Huger gave the Frenchman his horse, a pair of pocket pistols, and money, and told him to "Get to Hoff," adding that he or Bollman would follow. Had Huger spoken in French and said, "Allez à Hoff," the outcome might have been different. As it was, Lafayette was unfamiliar with the name of the village and, not catching the aspirate—the sound of the letter "h"—thought he was being told in English to "go off." So he mounted and rode away. Huger and Bollman let go of the prostrate guard, who got up and ran off in the direction taken by Lafayette.

In the meantime, a passer-by had caught the runaway horse and now handed it over for a few coins. Huger and Bollman mounted the steed but, unused to the double load (Lafayette had mistakenly been given the horse trained to carry two riders.), it kicked up violently, throwing them both off. Bollman was stunned, and Huger spent considerable time trying to assist him. Huger then caught the horse, which was grazing a short distance away.

BY THIS TIME alarm guns had been fired from the battlements of Olmütz, squads of soldiers marched from the fortress, and crowds on the road stared at the two strange young men. It was market day, and the road was filled with carts, carriages, and people
Article continues overleaf; text continues on page 25

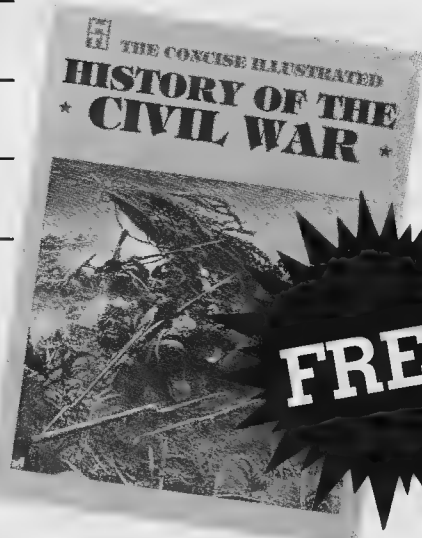
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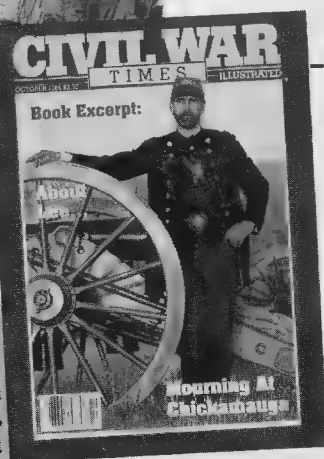
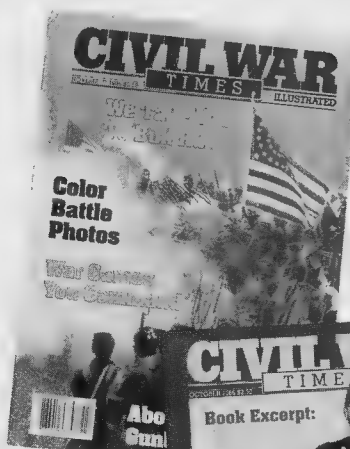
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American Efforts to Free Madame de Lafayette

AS IF IN RETURN for the Marquis de Lafayette's freedom-fighting efforts in the War for Independence, Americans worked to liberate not only the French general, but his wife as well. The bloody Reign of Terror (1793-94), during which Maximilien Robespierre arrested and executed "factions" opposed to his Committee of Public Safety, was ravaging France, now in the midst of revolution. The marquis's wife eventually fell victim to the hideous Terror and, on November 14, 1793, she was imprisoned at Brioude along with other "aristocratic ladies."

On May 27, 1794, Madame Adrienne Noailles de Lafayette, aged thirty-five, was moved from Brioude to La Petite Force, a Paris prison filled over capacity. Two weeks later she was transferred again, this time to Le Plessis, equally overcrowded and terrifying. Ironically, this prison had once been a boys' school that her husband had attended. A section of Le Plessis now served as a way station for prisoners being led to the Conciergie and execution by the guillotine. Each morning twenty names were called. Those on the roll call were loaded into carts and hauled away to revolutionary tribunals—and death. The victims were not given even the pretense of a trial. The executioners seemed to care little about who their victims were, as long as the carts were full. Adrienne wrote at this time: "The thought of soon being one of the victims makes one endure such a sight with more firmness." A few weeks later Adrienne learned that her mother, sister, and grandmother had been guillotined.

During this time, Gouverneur Morris, who had been appointed U.S. minister to France in 1792, served Adrienne well. Morris was the only representative of a foreign country who remained at his post throughout the Reign of Terror. When told of Madame de Lafayette's danger, he wrote to the French commissioner for foreign affairs, pointing out that the execution of Lafayette's wife might have a negative effect on Franco-American relations. He also argued that the British might use the execution of the marquise as evidence of the intolerable situation in France.

The letter probably saved Adrienne from the guillotine because the French Republic, with enemies throughout Europe, could not afford to offend its only ally, weak and far off though it was. Although the American minister's influence saved Adrienne's life, he was unable to secure her release. A few weeks later Adrienne wrote to Morris, thanking him for having saved her "from the frenzy of a monster," and for having "prevented the commission of a crime."

Morris's ill-concealed attitude of hostility toward the Revolution offended French government officials who eventually asked for his recall. He was replaced by James Monroe, an avowed partisan of France, who arrived in Paris on August 2, 1794. Monroe was well-received by the National Convention, and so was in a better position to help Adrienne than had been Morris. But the new American minister had to proceed with circumspection in a Paris where more than fifteen hundred people had been guillotined that summer. He realized that the French government would not tolerate foreign meddling in a domestic affair; such actions might make matters worse for Adrienne. However, Monroe did manage to get word to her that he would work "unofficially" for her freedom.

On July 28 many prisoners were released following the death of the murderous tyrant Robespierre. But Adrienne's incarceration continued nonetheless. The only change in her compromised condition was a transfer on October 27 from Le Plessis to a prison infirmary where she received somewhat better treatment, food, and lodging.

Meanwhile, Monroe and his wife, Elizabeth, decided to awaken public sympathy for Madame de Lafayette. If the Parisians became aware of the marquise's fate, they might ask the Committee of Public Safety to set her free.

The Monroes's scheme to draw attention to Adrienne's plight involved buying a carriage because no private conveyances were for hire. They had the carriage freshly painted, and servants fitted out in good-looking uniforms. Then Elizabeth, an attractive, dark-haired woman, had the driver take her to the prison infirmary in the Rue des Amandiers. At the prison gate a curious, excited crowd gathered around the coach-and-four. The onlookers wanted to know why the carriage was there and to whom it belonged. When told it was owned by the American minister whose wife had come to call on Madame de Lafayette, the throng was agog. The jailor then brought Adrienne outside to meet with Elizabeth. The crowd watched the emotional visit and soon spread word of it throughout Paris. But Adrienne's release did not come immediately.

Yet to be endured was the winter of 1794-95 during which Adrienne suffered greatly from the cold. At last, on January 22, 1795, she was freed from prison, sixteen long months after she was first incarcerated.

Adrienne's first visit was to the Monroes to thank them for their efforts in her behalf. She also requested

LAFAYETTE AND HIS FAMILY REUNITED IN PRISON; CULVER PICTURES, NEW YORK CITY



a favor of the American minister. She was anxious, she said, to join her husband in the prison at Olmütz. Perhaps Mr. Monroe could obtain passports for herself and her two daughters? After all, her husband was an American citizen by adoption. If she left France in secret she would be classified an émigré, so official documents were essential.

Adrienne had a second request, too. She was afraid to take her son George into Austria, but did not want to leave him behind in France. She wished George to go with his tutor to the United States to stay under the protection of his namesake, President George Washington. Adrienne wanted her son to live obscurely in America where he could resume the studies that had been interrupted during the three terrible years of turmoil in France.

Monroe promised his help in getting passports and said that his country would back her financially. A year earlier the U.S. Congress had appropriated \$24,000 for General Lafayette, who had up to that time refused to accept pay for his services in the American army. President Washington had also sent some funds as a personal gift.

On September 9, 1795, Adrienne and her two daughters, Anastasie and Virginie, sailed from Dunkirk for Hamburg on an American ship, the *Little Cherub*. At Hamburg the American consul issued a travel permit to Austria for "Mrs. Motier of Hartford, Connecticut," a state in which her husband had been naturalized. Her own name on the permit would have aroused suspicion.

Upon arriving at Olmütz prison, Adrienne was shocked by her husband's appearance. Although only thirty-eight, he had aged unbelievably since she had last seen him. Adrienne, too, had changed. The privations of prison life had left their mark. Anastasie, aged

eighteen, and Virginie, thirteen, both of whom joined their parents in prison, did much to ease the discomfiture of Olmütz. And Adrienne and her husband rejoiced that they could now correspond with their relatives and friends. One of the first uncensored letters Madame de Lafayette wrote from Olmütz prison was to Dr. Erich Bollman, thanking him and Francis Huger, the young South Carolinian, for their self-sacrificing attempt to rescue her beloved husband.

Meanwhile, Morris had remained in Europe for both business and pleasure. Although he had never felt sympathetic toward the Marquis de Lafayette personally, he was disturbed by reports of Madame de Lafayette's poor health. Her sister, Madame de Montagu, wrote to Morris: "My sister is in danger of losing the life you saved in the prisons of Paris." The ailing Adrienne had requested permission to spend a few days in Vienna in order to consult a physician there. But her request had been denied, and she was warned that if she left her husband's prison for even a moment she could never return.

Morris's efforts to secure the release of Lafayette were futile. But a victorious Napoleon demanded that the prisoners at Olmütz be set free. After much discussion and delay by Austrian government officials, the necessary papers were forwarded to Olmütz. Finally, on September 19, 1797, the gates of the fortress were opened for the prisoners, five years after Lafayette's imprisonment by the Austrians, and two years after his wife and daughters had voluntarily shared his fate.

The Lafayette family arrived in Hamburg in early October, and Morris and the Austrian minister greeted the "convoy of prisoners" at the house of former U.S. Consul John Parish. The formality of taking custody of the famous prisoner occurred on October 4, a ceremony described by Morris as "very worthy," having been performed "with much dignity."

Both in Europe and America the liberation caused a sensation. Romantics were intrigued by the story of Madame de Lafayette, the devoted wife who had left her French prison to share her husband's fate in an Austrian one. The true-to-life love story was perfect material for sentimental novels.

But Lafayette's wife had not been the only one to show him devotion. Considerable American effort and money had been expended in the hope of gaining his liberty, as well as that of his family. Americans had fought to unshackle the freedom-loving "*bon ami*" who, several years earlier, had helped them to loose their own bonds. ★



KEITH ROCCO

Carefully laid escape plans, set for one of Lafayette's regular outings from prison (opposite), began to unravel when the Frenchman encountered stiff resistance while attempting to seize his guard's sword. Here Lafayette struggles with the soldier while accomplice Justus Erich Bollman rushes up. At the same time, rescuer Francis Huger loses the reins of Bollman's horse.

on foot. Huger urged his companion to take their one horse and go ahead. He then walked as fast as he could in the same direction, but soldiers soon overtook the American and marched him back to Olmütz.

Meanwhile, Lafayette, who had wanted to head for the frontier, reached a fork in the road and made the wrong choice. By the time he approached Sternberg, a village thirty miles away, his horse was exhausted. When he offered a peasant a large sum for a guide and a fresh mount, the man became suspicious. Soon Lafayette was surrounded by soldiers and brought before a magistrate. The Frenchman maintained his presence of mind, however, and told a plausible story of having lost his way while on a business trip. The magistrate hesitated until a spectator in the courtroom called out, "I believe that is General Lafayette." Lafayette, too, was soon taken back to prison.

Bollman arrived alone at the village of Hoff, and, after waiting as long as he dared, took the carriage and crossed into Silesia. For a time he lingered along the border, hoping that Lafayette might have escaped. After a few days he, too, was arrested and handed over to the Austrians, who imprisoned him at Olmütz.

Huger, who had been taken before a magistrate in the town hall of Olmütz, was searched, and his clothes, money, watch, knife, and pencil were taken from him. Clad in prison garb of coarse red woolen cloth, he was thrown into a windowless cell where only a slit, high above the floor, admitted a dim light. He was subjected to daily examinations before the magistrate and led in chains through the streets by soldiers. The prison officials tried to make him confess to a political crime or conspiracy of some sort, and told him that the penalty for trying to free a state prisoner was death.

Some three months of daily interrogation passed before the authorities decided that Huger and Bollman had not concocted a political plot and should be tried merely for attempting to "force a military post." Improvements in the prisoners' treatment soon followed. Huger was moved to a cell above ground, and his chains were lengthened. After three more months, Huger was allowed to walk alone in the yard at certain hours. His fare also improved, and once or twice weekly his ration of dry bread and water was augmented by a piece of meat, a mutton bone, or broth.

Bollman, in a cell just above Huger's, had managed to hide some money when he was arrested. With this, a jailor was bribed to send a message from Huger to Thomas Pinckney, the American minister to London.

The note, dated January 5, 1795, read: "Bollman is in chains, and we are not allowed to see each other. Don't forget us."

During Huger's captivity, his friends and relatives in America tried to get the U.S. government to do something about his situation. Secretary of State Timothy Pickering answered one query on September 16, 1795, saying that since the United States had no diplomatic representative in the Austrian dominions, President Washington knew of no channel through which an effort to free Huger could be made. Washington did try to help his friend Lafayette by writing a confidential letter to the German Emperor, requesting that Lafayette be permitted to come to America under such conditions and restrictions as His Majesty might prescribe.

But all to no avail. The court continued to question the two men. At last Huger and Bollman were tried and sentenced to a month's additional captivity in light irons, accompanied by labor on public works. At month's end, in July 1795, the two prisoners were released and banished from Austrian territory. Although thinner and more subdued, the young men were in good health after nearly eight months of close confinement.

SOON AFTER Huger's release he returned to America. In Philadelphia he was invited to dine with the president at a small family party. Huger described for the guests the horrors of the Olmütz dungeons, and after dinner Washington spoke of the rescue attempt to free his friend Lafayette. The president said he had followed with great interest the entire attempt and only wished it had met with the success it deserved.

Lafayette continued to be held as a prisoner of state. In all, five years would pass before his release. After being released into the custody of American consul John Parish in Hamburg, Lafayette wrote to Huger: "What you have done for me and how you have done it, bind me forever to you with the ties of esteem and love." The long letter was signed: "Your eternally devoted and grateful Lafayette."

Huger remained in Philadelphia to complete his medical education at the University of Pennsylvania. He received his degree in 1797, but never practiced. When hostilities with France threatened in 1798, Huger received an unsolicited commission in the United States army, which he resigned in 1801.

The following January Huger married Harriott Lucas Pinckney, daughter of congressman and diplomat Thomas Pinckney (to whom he had written while in captivity). Huger purchased an estate on the high hills of the Santee River, about one hundred miles from Charleston, South Carolina. During the next several years his time and energy were divided between his plantation, a summer home, and the state legislature, in which he served two terms. During the War of 1812 Huger was commissioned a lieutenant-colonel of artillery, subsequently rising to colonel and adjutant-general on the staff of his father-in-law, General Pinckney.

Continued on page 54

Reminiscences, documents, and the vintage photographs of Clarke and Clarence Kinsey provide glimpses of ordinary people in extraordinary times.

Klondike Scrapbook

by Norman Bolotin



THE YUKON GOLD RUSH triggered the growth of an incredible society along the gold-laden streams of the Klondike. Gold had been discovered in the far western Canadian territory in August 1896, and by 1898 the mining camps of the region had been transformed into a bustling mixture of tent hotels, restaurants, and rapidly rising boom-town construction. An estimated 25,000 people populated Dawson City, and another 10,000 swarmed in and around the little town of Grand Forks, fourteen miles south of Dawson at the intersection of gold-rich Bonanza and Eldorado creeks. The emerging society was a cross-section of humanity—scheming businessmen, devout clergy, prim and proper schoolteachers, brazen prostitutes, quiet families, and hard-working miners who slaved around the clock and celebrated even harder following the spring cleanup.

This portfolio is adapted with permission from material in A Klondike Scrapbook: Ordinary People, Extraordinary Times by Norman Bolotin, published by Chronicle Books, San Francisco, California. Copyright 1987 by Norman Bolotin.

Chronicling this bold but brief period of growth and excitement were brothers Clarke and Clarence Kinsey, Washington State photographers who joined the gold rush in 1898, worked claims and established a studio in Grand Forks, and remained until after the boom had faded in the early years of the new century. [Clarence Kinsey's photograph of First Street in Grand Forks, below, includes Clarke Kinsey, second from left, and Clarence's wife Mary, fourth from left.]

While most other photographers of the time were recording the tribulations of miners crossing the Chilkoot and White passes, the Kinseys concentrated on life in the two towns. Today their pictures (accompanied on these pages by reminiscences and contemporary accounts of life at Grand Forks and Dawson) provide a vivid record of an experience that was, for thousands of miners, an epic of determination, and for a fortunate few, a bonanza of riches. ★

Northwest writer Norman Bolotin is also author of Klondike Lost: A Decade of Photographs by Kinsey & Kinsey (1980).



The End of the Rainbow

There are many men in Dawson at the present time who feel keenly disappointed. They have come thousands of miles on a perilous trip, risked life, health and property, spent months of the most arduous labor a man can perform, and with expectations raised to the highest pitch, have reached the coveted goal only to discover the fact that there is nothing here for them.

Any man of ordinary judgement might well have reached the conclusion long before he set out for Dawson that every creek and gulch adjacent to the city would be staked months before he could possibly reach it. The gold is here beyond question and should anyone have thoughts of becoming suddenly wealthy without any considerable exertion on his own part he will fail in nine cases out of ten. On the other hand if he brings with him a due amount of pluck and energy and a willingness to endure hardship and privation, in the long run the chances are favorable for his success.

The Klondike Nugget, June 23, 1898

Miners enjoy the luxury of a well-cooked meal at the No. 30 store (below), where men could also catch a freight to Dawson or buy wine, liquor, and cigars. Hourly laborers and well-dressed claim owners and their wives present a cross-section of Klondike society (right) as they gather around a sluice box at 28-Above-Bonanza to witness a record \$52,000 cleanup.





U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

1903

KINSEY PHOTO

No Time for Innocence

I couldn't imagine a better place to be a little girl. It was harsh. But people managed and got along all right. . . .

My father had the Vendome Hotel in Grand Forks and he had managed the White Horse Hotel in Whitehorse. He never stayed in one place too long . . . went on to the new strikes.

When we came to Grand Forks we had a cabin, caddy corner from the mounted police barracks and right across the street from the row. I didn't know that the pretty ladies were the dance hall girls—the prostitutes. I know my father never wanted those women coming by our house and my mother didn't like me talking to them. But they were always so pretty and they had silk drapes in their windows. I was fascinated by all that silk.

I remember them writing my mother a note and

asking if they could give me a dress. Well, I used to sit on the door with my little brother and sister on my lap helping my mother. And they thought that I was so good doing that so they wanted to give us presents. Oh, I was just a little girl and I never knew who they were.

Ethel Russell Moyer, recalling her childhood years in Grand Forks

Women of Dawson's red-light district feign wood-chopping and other chores in front of their cabins; the photographer wryly captioned this picture "A Group of Hard Workers."



The Dog Nuisance

Dogs everywhere, day and night, howling, fighting, filthy, mangy dogs—all these and more form at present one of the worst nuisances that has for a long time afflicted the citizens of Dawson.

There are more dogs in town today than there ever were before. It is calculated that there are at least 2,000 dogs now running loose on the streets of Dawson. Fully one-half of them are homeless by reason of their owners following the annual summer custom of driving them away to rustle for themselves with the intention of recovering them in the fall when their services shall again become valuable.

Dawson Daily News, May 23, 1900

Despite the negative commentary in the Dawson Daily News, dogs played a vital role in the Klondike, serving as sled and pack animals as well as companions for lonely miners. Good, strong sled dogs could sell for several hundred dollars each when men were desperate to reach the claims. During the winter, a miner's dogs often meant the difference between life and death.

When Strong Men Turn Back

In the rush of thousands who started for the Klondike in '97, history will never record the number of strong men who paled before the dangerous hardships and the many vicissitudes enroute, and returned to their homes determined to wander no more. Does anyone know of a woman who grew faint-hearted and turned back of her own accord?

If you have an aversion for the "new woman," a week on the Dyea trail would change that aversion to admiration, for there you may see big, husky husbands and brothers discouraged and faint-hearted preparing to return to the comforts of their homes, while the brave little wife or sister begs with tears in her eyes to continue the journey.

The Klondike News, April 1, 1898

Women were outnumbered as much as fifteen to one in the Yukon Territory, and the vast majority of this female population were dance hall girls or prostitutes. A few enterprising women owned and managed mines. Others worked alongside their husbands at small claims or ran roadhouses, stores, or laundries, serving the endless stream of miners who flowed in and out of the region.





Condition of the Streets

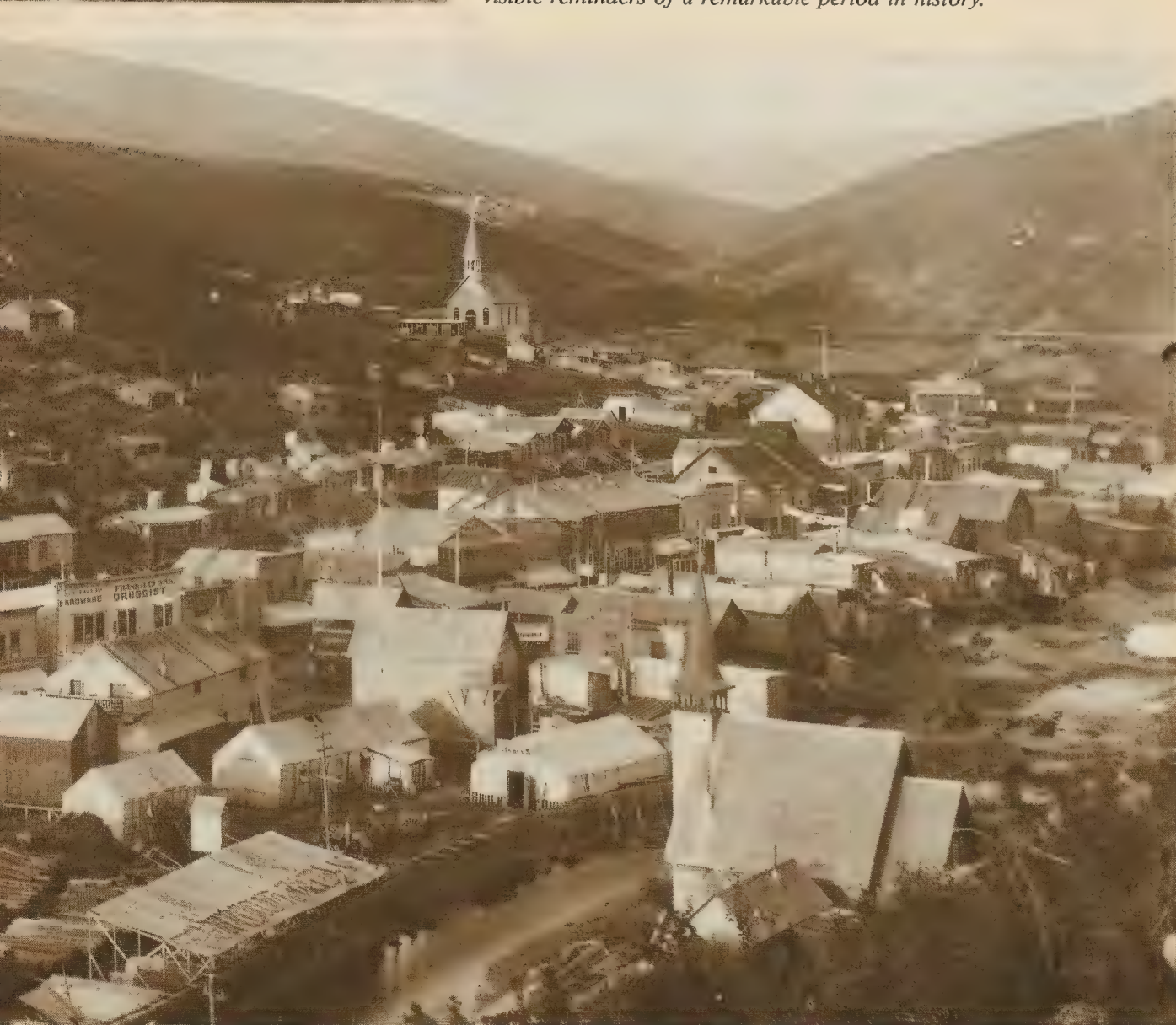
Dawson is unfortunate in her streets. Teams and wagons have appeared this summer and things are in worse condition than ever before. Ladies can be seen at the north end of town, where there are no sidewalks, who actually have to stop once in a while at some convenient pool and wash the clinging mud from their footwear. Mud, mud, everywhere, and were it not for the eternal frost beneath, it would be bottomless. As it is, the hubs of the wheels gauge the depths of the mud and the axle-trees drag as they did in Chicago in the early days. The summer season is short and a few loads of sawdust would soon make the main street clean and passable.

The Klondike Nugget, July 2, 1898





As the photograph of Percentage Avenue at left demonstrates, Grand Forks streets suffered the same deficiencies as those in Dawson during the warm summer months. Grand Forks appears to be flourishing in the 1904 photograph below, but in reality it was already experiencing economic decline. Mammoth dredging machines, introduced to the Yukon Territory in 1901, soon began to displace the less efficient sluiceways and hand methods of mining, and one by one the men and women of the Klondike moved on. By the 1920s the dredges had sifted their way through the nearby creeks and were ripping up the once-bustling streets of Grand Forks itself, leaving only a few ramshackle buildings—and the photographs of Clarke and Clarence Kinsey—as visible reminders of a remarkable period in history.



Horatio Alger: Creator of the American Success

by Joseph Gustaitis

A QUARTER OF A BILLION books sold and still a failure.

Such a statement would not be the only contradiction in the life of Horatio Alger, Jr., America's best-selling author of "rags-to-riches" stories. He was a Harvard intellectual who wrote novels once branded "sub-literary," a writer who everyone today "knows" but nobody reads, and a minister who committed what was considered to be one of the most diabolical crimes in the canon of sin.

The popular notion of an Alger novel runs like this: a poor, obnoxiously sweet lad ingratiates himself with a business mogul, marries the boss's daughter and becomes a millionaire—the whole work being a celebration of Gilded Age capitalism. Actually, none of the Alger books have this formula, nor was the author an apologist for Social Darwinism.

His heroes did succeed, to be sure. Yet success meant not a Newport mansion, but a respectable middle-class job at, say, ten dollars a week, and luck (such as finding a lost wallet) contributed just as much as pluck. As for romance, it was not in Alger's line. In all his stories of boy heroes, there is one kiss and not a single marriage. Some of these lads can be cloyingly moral, but usually they are reformable wise guys like "Ragged Dick," who, when told by a gentleman, "I've seen you before," whirls around and says, "P'raps you'd like to see me behind." Alger knew the slang and habits of street kids and made no secret that they nipped whiskey and smoked cheap cigars.

Alger's more than one hundred novels draw such vivid sketches of nineteenth-century New York that he is indelibly linked with that city, where he spent thirty of his sixty-seven years. But he was a Massachusetts man at heart. He was born in Chelsea, near Boston, on January 13, 1832, the first child of debt-ridden Reverend Horatio Alger and his wife.

A transfer to a more prosperous parsonage in 1844 enabled Alger senior to send his precocious though sickly sixteen-year-old son to Harvard. The younger Horatio was popular there: he was a Phi Beta Kappa student and wrote enough conventional lyrics to be reputed as a poet and to be selected "Class Odist."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was teaching at Harvard then, and Alger seems to have entertained notions



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, NEW YORK CITY

Story

of being his successor as national balladeer. But verse did not pay the bills, so instead he taught school, published a few stories, then bowed to the inevitable and chose to attend Harvard Divinity School. Alger fully realized that he had no true calling to the ministry, but he concluded that a clergyman's income would provide him with the financial cushion to pursue writing.

Alger took a European grand tour in 1860-61 and then came home to a nation at war with itself. He tried to enlist but was too nearsighted and too short (5' 2") for the Union forces. He then published a Civil War novel for the juvenile market. The war's end found him ministering to the flock of the First Unitarian Church in Brewster, Massachusetts.

Because Alger was a Harvard man with a clergyman father and a reputation as a writer of "moral" tales for young people, he was considered a good catch for that congregation. But a year after he assumed the post, dreadful rumors began circulating about the new pastor. A committee probed; shocking revelations surfaced. Two teenage boys averred that "Horatio Alger Jr. had been practicing on them at different times deeds that are too revolting to relate." The thirty-four-year-old minister did not deny the allegations, acknowledged he had been "imprudent," and quickly left town.

Further service in the clergy was now out of the question, and Alger escaped to the anonymity of New York City to support himself solely by writing. He struggled for nearly a year before he struck gold with his eighth novel, *Ragged Dick* (1867), the saga of a tough shoeshine boy who, through persistence and luck, heads down the road to respectability. It was the prototypical Alger story, to be recast in scores of boys' books that followed. The tale's gritty feel for the underside of Manhattan life brought it a refreshing air of unsentimentality. *Ragged Dick* quickly made the best-seller list; its author became famous.

Alger dreamed of being a serious author for adults, but the public and his publisher wanted more rags-to-riches stories, and so sequels and imitations followed at the rate of nearly three a year for the next six years. *Ragged Dick* became a series, followed by *Luck and Pluck* (1869) and *Tattered Tom* (1871).

No small measure of these books' success was due to

their careful detail. Alger sublimated his sexual attraction to boys by befriending, patronizing, and studying the thousands of homeless street kids who got by through hustling, petty crime, selling newspapers, and, like "Ragged Dick," bootblackening. The author was instrumental in the success of the Newsboys' Lodging House, a shelter for homeless boys, and he sincerely tried to help the lads rise in the world as his fictional heroes did.

In the next two decades Alger also wrote stories about rural America, traveled west to research details for fiction set there, and published biographies of American statesmen, namely *From Canal Boy to President* (a rush job capitalizing on the assassination of President Garfield) and lives of Webster and Lincoln.

Alger's health was never robust, and it began to decline in the winter of 1895-6. He moved to Natick, Massachusetts, and died there on July 18, 1899.

Shortly before his death, Alger had calculated that he had earned about \$100,000 and sold about 800,000 books during his career—substantial, but not spectacular. It was only after he died, when his novels were republished in cheap editions, that his works began to sell in staggering quantities that have been estimated at between 100 and 400 million. This incredible boom lasted until about 1920, after which Alger's books were slowly forgotten.

The subsequent popular association of the author's name with American success and free enterprise was largely due to twentieth-century intellectuals, both conservative and liberal, who, in casting about for a symbol of *laissez-faire*, latched upon Alger. They were at least partly wrong in doing so, for his books are too full of scheming tycoons, vicious landlords, and miserly employers to be seen as a paean to American business. But by the 1930s false attribution of such ideas to Alger's works was easy, because by then no one read them anymore.

Which is perhaps the final irony in Horatio Alger's career. In the nineteenth century, his books were famous. In this one, only his name is. But of how many writers can it be said that their names have become American icons? ★

Emmy-Award-winning television writer Joseph Gustaitis lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Overlooked for three-quarters of a century after its discovery, the “Santa Rosa Island stone” may be one of the most significant historical relics of the American West.

Monument to a Discoverer?

by Brian McGinty

AT FIRST the object appeared to have little historical significance, and it attracted no special attention. A rough slab of sandstone measuring thirteen-and-a-half inches long and four to five inches wide, it was found in 1901 on the eastern tip of one of the lonely Channel Islands off the coast of Southern California. Crudely carved on the stone's face was a cross, the stick-figure of a man, and the enigmatic initials “JR.”

Philip Mills Jones, a medical doctor and part-time anthropologist, picked up the slab while searching the uninhabited wastes of Santa Rosa Island for archaeological and ethnographic artifacts to add to the collections of the University of California in Berkeley. Jones routinely catalogued the stone along with other objects he located on Santa Rosa, photographed it, then deposited it in the university's anthropology museum.*

For nearly three-quarters of a century the slab lay undisturbed among the collections of the Lowie

Museum of Anthropology in Berkeley. Then, in 1972, Dr. Robert F. Heizer,* one of the university's most distinguished anthropology professors, came across a photograph of the artifact while reviewing Jones's old archaeological report. His interest aroused by the stone's peculiar shape and markings, Heizer began a methodical study of its composition, inscriptions, and history. The following year the anthropologist published the startling conclusion of his study: the stone may be the gravestone of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, fifteenth-century discoverer of the land now known as California.

Careful scholar that he was, Heizer preferred to call the slab the “Santa Rosa Island stone,” not the “Cabrillo Gravestone,” although it is clear that he thought it had once marked the great discoverer's last resting place. Since the results of Heizer's studies were made known nearly fifteen years ago, the “Santa Rosa Island stone” has been widely regarded as one of the treasures of the Lowie Museum—and with good reason, for, if Heizer's conclusions

are correct, it is one of the oldest and most precious historical relics ever discovered in the American West.

ALTHOUGH Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo is little-known in most of the United States, his name looms large in California, where it has been memorialized in a Cabrillo Highway, a Cabrillo College, a Cabrillo Music Festival, a Point Cabrillo, a Cabrillo Point, and a Cabrillo National Monument. There has never been any doubt that Cabrillo was the leader of the first European expedition to what is now California. In 1542, just fifty years after Columbus first set foot in America, Cabrillo, a conquistador who had served under Cortez in the conquest of Mexico, took command of three Spanish ships and sailed them north along the west coast of Mexico on what his superiors called

Found on one of the Channel Islands off Santa Barbara in 1901, the sandstone slab opposite bears crude markings that may link it to the discoverer of California, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo.

*Unfortunately for subsequent investigations, Jones failed to note the exact location where the stone was found.

*Professor Heizer died in 1979.



"a voyage for the discovery of China."

On September 28 of that year, the explorer and his men put ashore at San Diego Bay in the southwest corner of California. After taking possession of the land in the name of the King of Spain, they continued to explore the coast to the north, then stopped to winter in the Channel Islands opposite present-day Santa Barbara. On the rocky shore of one of these islands—historians are not sure if it was Santa Rosa or neighboring San Miguel—Cabrillo fell and broke an arm or, by some accounts, a leg. He died of his injuries in January 1543, and was buried nearby.

Many historians have conjectured that the discoverer of California was a native of Portugal. Portuguese historians, anxious to claim him as their own, have even spelled his name in the Portuguese fashion as "João Rodrigues Cabrilho." But recent scholarship strongly suggests that Cabrillo was from Spain. His nationality would probably be unimportant were it not for differences in the Spanish and Portuguese nam-

ing style and the light those differences may shed on the origins of the "Santa Rosa Island stone."

In Spain, it has long been the custom for a boy to be identified, first, by his Christian name, then by his father's surname (patronymic), and finally by his mother's surname (matronymic). Thus, "Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo" would be the son of a father named Rodriguez and a mother named Cabrillo. In common parlance, he would be "Juan Rodriguez." More formally, he would be known as "Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo."

In Portugal, however, the matronymic usually follows the Christian name and is, in turn, followed by the patronymic. "João Rodrigues Cabrilho" would be the son of a mother named Rodrigues and a father named Cabrilho. In common Portuguese usage, he would be known as "Cabrillo."

One of the first things Heizer noted when he began to study the "Santa Rosa Island Stone" was that it is inscribed with the joined letters "JR." Attached to the leg of the "R" is a flourish that might have

been intended as an "S," a "C," or perhaps just a decoration. Above the joined letters was a crude cross and, below them, the stick figure of a headless man. Knowing that the discoverer of California was frequently referred to in historical accounts as "Juan Rodriguez," Heizer wondered whether the "JR" might be intended to represent the discoverer's Christian name and patronymic, "Juan Rodriguez," and the flourish on the leg of the "R" his matronymic, "Cabrillo."

WHEN JONES found the stone on Santa Rosa Island, it was encrusted with lichens. Although Jones had washed the lichens off the surface after he photographed the artifact, the inscriptions on its face were still plainly visible to Heizer and the other faculty members who helped him with his study three-quarters of a century later. Microscopic examinations showed that the inscriptions were made with a sharp instrument, and that the cross, initials, and stick figure were probably cut at one time. Experiments with a similar piece of sandstone, also taken from Santa Rosa, showed the stone could be readily cut with a heavy-duty sailor's knife. Efforts to reproduce the inscriptions with a sharp-edged chert flake (such as the Indians used to cut stone) proved unsuccessful.

Heizer submitted drawings of the stone, along with an account of its discovery, to Spanish historians. They noted that the letters were similar to those carved on Spanish tombstones in the sixteenth century, and that the stone was similar in style to Spanish gravemarkers of the period.

"It is not important that dates do not appear," one of the historians noted, "because in those times they were not concerned with 'chronology.' The important thing was to bury him with symbols to indicate the name, surname, and religion of the deceased." If the slab was a grave marker, the fact that it was stone rather than the more usual wooden cross indicated that it would have marked the grave of an important man, such as the leader of an expedition.

Heizer considered and then re-

Books and Theories About Cabrillo

Readers interested in learning more about the Santa Rosa Island stone will want to read *California's Oldest Historical Relic?* by Robert F. Heizer (Lowie Museum, University of California, Berkeley, 1972). The 73-page softcover book can be obtained for \$1 (including postage and handling) from the Lowie Museum of Anthropology, University of California, Berkeley, Kroeber Hall, Bancroft Way and College Avenue, Berkeley, California 94720.

Also of special interest is a 1986 book, *Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo* by Harry Kelsey (The Huntington Library, 1151 Oxford Road, San Marino, California 91108; available by mail for \$26.50). For this, the first full-scale Cabrillo study based on original research, Kelsey studied documents in libraries and archives in Guatemala, Mexico, Spain, England, Portugal, and the Netherlands. The author, who is curator of history at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County, reached some conclusions about Cabrillo that differ from those of previous historians.

Kelsey provides additional evidence that Cabrillo was probably born in Spain, either in Seville or Cuéllar. He shows that Cabrillo's relatives never mentioned a Portuguese origin in hundreds of pages of testimony they gave to prove the family's "quality of blood." Furthermore, the author's investigation in Portugal has led him to claim that the name "Cabrillo" is not known in that country.

Kelsey's conjectures as to where Cabrillo probably died vary significantly from previously-held theories. He concludes that the accident leading to the explorer's death took place on the shore of Santa Catalina Island, some ninety miles to the southeast of the Channel Islands where Heizer and others have speculated Cabrillo met his end.



A painting by California artist Duncan Gleason depicts Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo's flagship San Salvador off Santa Catalina Island during the Spaniard's exploration of upper California in the fall and winter of 1542.

jected the possibility that the stone might be a fake, cleverly fashioned by some anthropological charlatan to deceive historians. The lichens on its face when it was found indicated that it had been exposed to the elements for years, although precisely how many has been impossible to determine. And Jones's discovery of the object on Santa Rosa Island, rather than on neighboring San Miguel, strongly suggests that it was

not left there to be found. The perpetrator of a hoax almost certainly would have placed the stone on San Miguel, thought by most eighteenth- and nineteenth-century historians to be the last resting place of Cabrillo. Perhaps, Heizer reasoned, the explorer did not die on San Miguel after all. (Searches for his actual gravesite have all been unsuccessful.) Or, if he did die there, perhaps the Indians moved his gravestone to Santa Rosa.

Heizer admitted that the identity of the stone could not be conclusively established by scientific tests. But the circumstances of its discovery, and the peculiar characteristics of the stone itself, strongly point to its authenticity. "I do believe that it is highly probable that we have here

the stone which was carved in 1543 and set over the grave of Cabrillo," Heizer concluded.

The stone remains in the Lowie Museum, where it is available for study and examination by serious students of history and anthropology. Americans, who love to debunk myths, have not yet tagged the "Santa Rosa Island stone" as anything other than a genuine artifact, but they may someday. Until the stone's identity is proven conclusively—possibly by more sophisticated methods than those available today—it must remain a historical mystery. ★

California attorney and writer Brian McGinty is a regular contributor to American History Illustrated.

Renowned as the nemesis of Al Capone, this lawman inspired the fictionalized television series and film “The Untouchables.” His actual career was equally remarkable.

The Real Eliot Ness

by Steven Nickel

IN THE PRE-DAWN GLOOM of a frigid March morning in 1942, an automobile with the license plates EN-1 skidded and then slammed into an oncoming vehicle on the Cleveland, Ohio, West Shoreway. By the time Patrolman Joseph Koneval arrived on the scene, the guilty party had fled, leaving the other motorist, Robert Sims of East Cleveland, to be taken to a hospital by a passer-by.

Koneval's investigation of the hit-and-run was not difficult. EN-1 was a familiar license plate in Cleveland. It belonged to the city's director of public safety, Eliot Ness. As a result of the accident, the man who had helped to crush the gangland empire of “Scarface” Al Capone became the object of sensational headlines. Some stories revealed that only hours before the crash the former prohibition agent had been drinking heavily with his wife and friends at the Hollenden Hotel.

LONG BEFORE Kojack, Columbo, or Crockett and Tubbs, there was Eliot Ness, one of television's most popular and enduring images of the American lawman.

The glorification of Ness actually began shortly after his death in 1957, with the publication of *The Untouchables*, an autobiographical account depicting his two-and-a-half-year crusade against the Capone mob as head of a special Justice Department unit. In April 1959, the Desilu Playhouse presented a two-part dramatization of the book that soon evolved into a weekly series. Through four seasons, television audiences thrilled to the adventures of Ness—played by Robert

Stack—in his battle with the underworld forces of Chicago's Prohibition era.

To say that the television image of Ness was exaggerated is an understatement. Faced with the task of creating a new action-packed installment each week, the program's writers plunged into pure fantasy. But the shows had a realistic look and documentary-style narration by Walter Winchell, convincing many viewers that they were watching factual stories. Moreover, the series was fast and exciting, and greatly loved. Had it not been for protests that the show was too violent and promoted a negative stereotype of Italians, it would certainly have run longer than its 114 bullet-riddled episodes.

Twenty-five years of reruns later, Eliot Ness has arrived on the big screen in a film version of *The Untouchables*. (*The Scarface Mob* and *Alcatraz Express*, two movies briefly seen in theaters in 1962, were actually re-edited episodes of the television series.) While this most

Spectacularly successful as a U.S. Treasury Department agent enforcing Prohibition in Chicago during 1929-1932, Eliot Ness later enjoyed an equally adventurous career as public safety director (opposite) for Cleveland, Ohio. But Ness was eventually forced out of law enforcement and drifted into obscurity. The fame surrounding his name today was achieved posthumously when a television series—and, more recently, a motion picture—dramatized his battles against mobster Al Capone and the forces of the underworld.



recent account of Ness and his gangbusters contains more gritty realism (and graphic violence), it is not, unfortunately, any more factual than its predecessors.

Certainly a major part of Ness's lasting appeal is the fact that behind the celebrated celluloid image there once actually existed a man who gained fame battling racketeers: a true-life lawman who could not be bought, frightened, or killed off by the criminal underworld he opposed. But for nearly three decades the real Eliot Ness has been eclipsed by his own legend—a legend he helped to create and struggled to equal.

NESS was born in Chicago on April 19, 1903, the son of Norwegian immigrants. His fascination with crime-fighting developed early. When not helping in his father's bakery, Ness could usually be found reading a Sherlock Holmes mystery, fancying himself following in the footsteps of the fictional master sleuth. His elder sister married a government agent, who enthralled the youngster with stories of law enforcement and taught him to shoot at a firing range.

At age eighteen Ness entered the University of Chicago, majoring in commerce, law, and political science. Quiet and studious in the classroom, he sharpened his athletic skills by becoming an exceptional tennis player on campus and training three nights a week in jujitsu. After graduating in the top third of his class in 1925, Ness signed on as an investigator for the Retail Credit Company. While on the job there he experienced both strenuous legwork and tedious paperwork.

In 1927 Ness entered the Chicago branch of the U.S. Treasury Department, briefly working in a civil assignment before obtaining an appointment as an agent. The following year he was transferred to the Justice Department and assigned to the Prohibition Bureau, becoming one of nearly three hundred agents saddled with the monumental task of drying up the Windy City.

Supplying a thirsty public with bootleg liquor had become a multimillion-dollar business for Chicago criminals, who raked in the profits from an estimated *twenty thousand* local speakeasies. Through the violent, colorful decade of the "Roaring Twenties," Chicagoans witnessed the rise of one mobster above all others—a stocky, cigar-chomping Italian named Alphonse Capone.

By 1929 Capone's infamy had reached Washington, D.C. President Herbert Hoover, outraged by reports of the millionaire ganglord living above the law, instructed his secretary of the treasury, Andrew Mellon, to work on putting the mobster behind bars.

Two of Capone's known criminal activities—income tax evasion and bootlegging—fell under federal jurisdiction. The former was the concern of the Treasury Department, which created a task force led by Agent Frank J. Wilson to work on the Capone case. At the same

time, a special unit of Justice Department agents was being formed to combat Capone's alcohol operations.

The task of selecting a team of Justice agents fell to U.S. District Attorney George Emmerson Q. Johnson, and it proved a difficult one because the Prohibition Bureau was riddled with what Ness later called "bad apples." The actual backbone of the Capone empire was its bankroll, enabling the scar-faced mobster and his gangland associates to buy protection and aid from about five hundred Chicago-area policemen, various politicians, and a number of government agents. The federal agents' inability to locate mob-owned breweries or to close speakeasies was sufficient proof that Capone's powerful tentacles had penetrated the Department. Searching for an honest man, Johnson turned his attention to Ness; thanks largely to an enthusiastic recommendation by the young man's brother-in-law.

At the time, Ness was twenty-six years old, single, still living with his parents, and earning \$2,800 a year as a Prohibition agent. He had a steady girlfriend, Edna Staley, whom he would marry the following year. Ness stood six feet tall and weighed 180 pounds; his lean frame and slim waistline were offset by broad, powerful shoulders. He had a boyishly handsome face with a ruddy complexion and a wave of freckles across the bridge of his nose, a pleasant smile, wavy brown hair parted in the middle, and sleepy blue-gray eyes that could suddenly turn icy and piercing.

As a Prohibition agent Ness had earned a respectable though unspectacular reputation. Studying his record, Johnson was most impressed by the young man's outspoken jabs at the bureau for "holding back" in its fight against the mob and for not "cleaning house." He exhibited the qualities of honesty and resourcefulness for which Johnson was looking. On September 28, 1929, Johnson summoned Ness to his office and, after a brief interview, informed the young agent he had been chosen to lead the Department's special squad.

Ness was to select his own men, no more than a dozen. They were to be independent of the bureau, accountable to Johnson alone. In addition to destroying gangland breweries, they were to collect evidence connecting Capone and his cronies to violations of federal laws. But most important, Johnson wanted to "dry up" or at least severely impair the mobster's major source of income, an estimated \$75,000,000 annually. If Ness and his small band could cripple Capone financially, the ganglord would lose his powerful web of police and political protection and become vulnerable to the law.

The saga of the "Untouchables" began.

TO SELECT HIS TEAM, Ness probed through the personnel files of active agents in search of men with impressive arrest records and no "Achilles heel in their make-up." From a list of fifty possibles he narrowed his choices to fifteen, finally settling upon nine.

Five—Martin Lahart, Samuel Seager, Lyle Chapman, Barney Cloonan, and Thomas Friel—were Chicago agents with whom Ness had already worked. Four oth-

Recommended additional reading: The Untouchables by Eliot Ness with Oscar Fraley. (Julian Messner, 1957; reprinted in paperback by Pocket Books, 1987).



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ers were outsiders he recruited for their special talents: Paul Robsky, a wire-tapping expert from the New Jersey office; Michael King, a Virginia agent renowned for his ability to tail suspects; William Gardner, an expert at undercover work from the Los Angeles division; and Joseph Leeson, an exceptional driver from Detroit who, at age thirty, was the eldest member of the team.

Like Ness, all nine were single men with at least two years of experience in the Justice Department. Each was an excellent marksman and possessed a spotless record and distinctive background. Seager had been a guard at Sing Sing. Friel was a former Pennsylvania state trooper. Robsky was once an Army officer. Gardner and Chapman had been acclaimed football players.

By mid-October 1929 the special unit was ready to begin its war on Capone's bootlegging empire. Under Ness's spirited leadership, the agents conducted what were basically search-and-destroy operations, locating mob-owned alcohol-producing plants and shutting them down. The majority of their leads came from anonymous phone calls, most probably from rival gangs. Some breweries were discovered only after weeks, sometimes months, of exhaustive legwork and surveillance. Lahart and Gardner, posing as out-of-town criminals, actually managed to briefly infiltrate the ranks of the Capone mob and to pick up leads as they rubbed elbows with some of Capone's chief lieutenants. The agents also made use of paid informants.

Wire taps were another source of information. The most valuable of these bugged the telephones of the Montmartre Cafe, a plush Cicero speakeasy known as

Two memorable dramatizations of Eliot Ness have offered contrasting interpretations of the incorruptible crimefighter. Above, Ness, portrayed by Kevin Costner, leads a raid on a Chicago warehouse in Paramount Pictures' major motion picture The Untouchables (1987). Costner's Ness conveys a straight-arrow idealism and quiet strength quite different from the steely, highstrung intensity projected twenty-five years earlier by Robert Stack (above left) in the television series of the same name.

the headquarters for Capone's elder brother Ralph.

Ness later described the planting of the Montmartre tap as one of the most harrowing experiences of his career. Four of the agents distracted a small army of gangsters stationed around the building long enough for Ness and Robsky to creep into an alley behind the cafe. Robsky scaled a telephone pole and applied his expertise to the terminal while Ness, his Colt .38 in hand, stood guard in the dark alley below. Though usually cool in the most intense situations, the young lawman found himself jumping at every sound and straining his eyes to detect any movement. When Robsky finally bridged the lines and descended, the pair left the alley unnoticed. Over the next two years the tap on Ralph Capone's private line proved invaluable.

Locating breweries proved an easier task than entering them. Hacking through doorways with axes or battering them down with sledgehammers was a slow, burdensome endeavor that allowed those inside time to



COURTESY OF THE BUREAU OF ALCOHOL, TOBACCO AND FIREARMS, U.S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Throughout his career with the U.S. Treasury Department's Prohibition Bureau, Eliot Ness crusaded relentlessly against bootlegging, racketeering, and police corruption. The real Ness is shown above with Detective William Powers after a warehouse raid, and on the road with some of his "Untouchables" (above right).

destroy evidence or escape through secret exits. Ness realized his unit would have to develop a faster, more efficient means of entry. The solution was a ten-ton flatbed truck equipped with scaling ladders and a giant steel ram that jutted from the front.

Utilizing this device—usually with Leeson at the wheel, Ness riding shotgun, and the other agents in back or covering the exits—the special squad entered marked buildings swiftly and without warning. Ness and his men began to rack up an impressive record of successful raids: a brewery valued at \$100,000, discovered in a South State Street warehouse; another \$100,000 plant on South Wabash; and a \$125,000 operation on North Kilbourn. During its first six months the government team captured a total of nineteen distilleries and six major breweries, costing Capone an estimated \$1,000,000.

AT THIS POINT (the spring of 1930), a young gangster appeared at the squad's headquarters in Chicago's Transportation Building. Claiming he spoke for "the Big Guy," the visitor offered Ness a \$2,000 bribe to "lay off," assuring him that another \$2,000 would follow

each week he behaved. After angrily ejecting the culprit, Ness phoned the press, and that afternoon newsmen crowded into his office. Flashbulbs popped as Ness told of the attempt to buy him and his men, emphatically declaring that bribes and bullets would not deter them from their crusade. A *Chicago Tribune* reporter, in an article printed the next day, first called the tiny band of gangbusters "the Untouchables."

From then on, whenever the agents raided a building, Ness made sure the press was on the scene within moments after the doors were opened.

Fellow lawmen and public officials were openly critical of the unit's publicity, charging that its effectiveness would be impaired and that Ness was seeking personal aggrandizement. Ness, however, defended the press coverage, stressing that both Capone and the public needed to be aware of his group's determination and honesty. He further stated that a tough reputation and positive image would help, rather than hinder, the squad. Ironically, in a way Ness did not then realize, the publicity did help the government's case. Partly due to the attention the "Untouchables" were receiving, the team of Treasury agents was able to operate without detection.

At first Ness's critics seemed correct in blasting the unit for its overexposure in the media. During the next several months Ness and his raiders were miserably ineffective. Capone had tightened security around his bootlegging plants. His lookouts were trained to recognize each of the ten agents; if any were spotted near an establishment, Capone ordered it moved immediately. Other mobsters doggedly tailed the lawmen. Suddenly the

“Untouchables” were the ones who were being watched. The unit’s phones were even tapped.

The agents soon began to feel the pressure. One evening Ness spotted a Capone crony watching his parents’ home. Slipping out the back door and circling behind the gangster, the young agent “roughed him up” (as he later admitted) in an uncharacteristic rage. Fearing for his parents’ safety, Ness moved into an apartment the next day. He spent little time there, however, often eating and sleeping in his office along with some of the other “Untouchables.”

By feeding the mob false information and evading those tailing them, the agents were able to resume limited operations. One of their few successful raids during this period shut down a \$200,000 brewery, the largest catch yet.

Failing to stop Ness with extortion or surveillance, Capone turned to more violent methods of persuasion. A good friend of Ness, an ex-convict who occasionally worked with the agents, abruptly disappeared. A few days later his body turned up in a Chicago Heights ditch. He had been horribly tortured before being shot.

Ness responded to the brutal murder of his friend by staging a bizarre parade past Capone’s headquarters at the Lexington Hotel. First he phoned the pudgy ganglord and, after some persistence, managed to get Capone himself on the line. “What’s up?” Capone asked.

“Well, Snorky,” Ness replied, “I just wanted to tell you that if you look out your front windows at eleven today you’ll see something that will interest you.”

At the appointed time Capone and his chief henchmen appeared at the windows. Moving along Michigan Avenue at fifteen miles an hour and resembling a funeral procession was a caravan of forty-five trucks the “Untouchables” had seized in their raids on Capone breweries. The confiscated vehicles were on their way to be sold at public auction. Ness later learned from an underworld contact that the sight of the convoy had thrown Capone into a violent rage. Smashing two chairs over a table top he had screamed, “I’ll kill ’im, I’ll kill ’im with my own bare hands!”

There followed, in quick succession, three attempts on Ness’s life. In the first he narrowly escaped a hail of bullets fired from a passing car. Next he was almost run down by a speeding automobile as he crossed a street outside his office. Soon thereafter Ness was climbing into his car when he noticed that the hood latches were unfastened. Examining the motor, he found a dynamite charge wired to the starter.

Ness’s “Untouchables,” meanwhile, were attempting to locate a superplant that was rumored to be supplying the Capone empire with most of its alcohol. Another anonymous phone call—this time from a woman—reported a possible location. Ness and Lahart checked out the site, a six-story building on Diversey Avenue. They discovered a legitimate business occupying the first four floors. The top two floors, however, housed a mysterious paint company that, according to the agents

investigating, had no past record of business dealings.

After dark the two lawmen crept up a fire escape and managed to find a window through which to peer. Both gasped as they stared in at a brightly lit distillery bustling with activity. The center of attention was a colossal forty-foot-high still that rose through a specially cut hole in the fifth-floor ceiling, nearly touching the roof of the building.

Ness and his raiders returned the next night. Unable to use their usual method of smashing down the doors with their ramming truck, Ness and Lahart again ascended the fire escape. At the prearranged moment—exactly midnight—the pair crashed through the windows and aimed their sawed-off shotguns at the startled workers. Seconds later the other “Untouchables” rushed in from a service entrance. The largest Capone bootlegging operation ever uncovered fell without a shot being fired. The giant still was capable of producing an estimated 20,000 gallons of alcohol per day. The distillery was valued at nearly \$1,000,000.

FROM THAT TIME ON, according to Ness, there were no more major mob-owned breweries left in Chicago—a claim that is unsubstantiated but not unrealistic. By the spring of 1931 the Capone organization had resorted to buying alcohol outside the city and smuggling it in, a more lengthy and costly process. Still on the offensive, the “Untouchables” not only began intercepting shipments but also entered rural areas beyond Cook County to track down the sources. Once they even arrested a small-town police force (a sheriff and his two deputies) that they caught operating a still.

Capone was hurting. A wire tap on the phone of Jake Guzik, the mob’s bookkeeper and business manager, revealed how desperate the situation had become. In one conversation, Ness and his men overheard a speakeasy owner pleading frantically for some liquor for his establishment, with Guzik replying that he was unable to supply any. Another time Guzik was contacted by a mob employee who wanted to know how much some local policemen were to be paid. “Nothin’,” Guzik answered.

“Whatta ya mean, ‘nothin’?”

“Listen, Hymie,” Guzik explained, “you’ll have to tell the boys they’ll have to take a pass this month.”

“They ain’t gonna like it.”

“Too bad, but we just ain’t makin’ any dough. And if we ain’t got it, we can’t pay for it.”

With their primary goal of crippling Capone’s bootlegging empire completed, the agents began to concentrate on their secondary objective of building a legal case against the mob lord and his associates. Since the start, assembling evidence gathered in the raids had been the job of Lyle Chapman, the tall ex-football player who was also a wizard at paperwork. On June 12, 1931, Ness, armed with Chapman’s mass of testimonies and facts, appeared before a federal grand jury and secured indictments against Capone and sixty-eight members of his mob for conspiracy to violate the Volstead



Eliot Ness's most spectacular achievement as a Treasury Department agent was stymieing the bootlegging efforts of feisty, fedora'd celebrity-criminal Al Capone. In 1931 Ness and his "Untouchables" obtained indictments against Capone for breaking Prohibition laws, but it was Justice Department evidence of tax evasion that put the Chicago mobster behind bars.

Act, citing five thousand separate offenses against Prohibition laws.

As it turned out, however, Capone would never be brought to trial on any of the Prohibition charges. Treasury agents had beaten their Justice Department counterparts by one week, supplying evidence on June 5 to indict Capone for income tax evasion. U.S. District Attorney Johnson chose to prosecute the gangster on the Treasury charges, holding Ness's Prohibition indictments in reserve should Capone evade conviction.

Capone went on trial October 6, 1931. Ness was present in the courtroom each day, not as the star witness, but as a spectator. Two weeks later Alphonse Capone was found guilty. The once-mighty gangster was sentenced to eleven years in a federal penitentiary.

On May 3, 1932, Ness and his "Untouchables" provided the escort for Capone from the Cook County jail to Dearborn Station. After turning their prisoner over to the two U.S. marshalls assigned to deliver him to the federal prison in Atlanta, the agents stood guard until the train departed. It was the last mission for the "Untouchables." The special squad was disbanded and the agents reassigned.

IN RECOGNITION OF his outstanding service with the "Untouchables," Ness was appointed chief investigator of the Chicago Prohibition Bureau. But the Prohibition era was drawing to a close. Late in 1933 the Justice Department transferred Ness to Cincinnati to supervise an entirely different form of alcohol enforcement—tracking down and destroying the thousands of hillbilly stills scattered through the "Moonshine Mountains." Directing operations over a vast territory that included southwest Ohio, most of Kentucky, and parts of Tennessee, he encountered a hostile environment with its own laws and codes of silence.

After less than a year of raiding moonshiners, Ness secured a new post as investigator in charge of the Treasury Department's Alcoholic Tax Unit in northern Ohio. From his office in downtown Cleveland, Ness and thirty-four agents under his command earned a reputation for "hitting a still a day," making hundreds of arrests over the next year.

Cleveland at this time (1935) was America's seventh-largest city, an overcrowded metropolis in dire need of a cleanup from the inside out. Crime and corruption were rampant. The public had lost faith in its police and city officials. Cleveland's newly-elected mayor, Harold Hitz Burton, vowed to restore law and order to the city. He was a sincere, capable statesman, later to become a senator and supreme court justice. A key position in his new administration would be that of public safety director, the person who would personally oversee the entire municipal system of police, firefighting, and traffic control. Burton searched for a man who had a record of unquestionable integrity, a distinguished background in law enforcement, and who was a Republican like himself. Ness qualified on all three counts.

On the morning of December 11, 1935, Burton in-

vited Ness to his office. Their meeting was brief. Ness arrived at City Hall at noon; a half-hour later he was sworn in as director of public safety. At age thirty-two he was the youngest in Cleveland history to hold the post.

The city buzzed over the news of his appointment. As usual, Ness was open and talkative with the newsmen who surrounded him. He stated that his first priority would be that of reorganizing the police force, a job, he said, that would be "tough but lots of fun."

The new safety director made an immediate impact on the city. On the evening of January 10, 1936, County Prosecutor Frank T. Culliton and some constables attempted to raid the Harvard Club, a mob-owned casino in the suburb of Newburgh Heights. The lawmen were refused entrance by gangsters armed with submachine guns. The mobsters threatened to open fire if the raiding party tried to enter. Unable to enlist aid from local police, Culliton phoned Ness.

Although Newburgh Heights was not part of the safety director's jurisdiction, Ness quickly swung into action, gathering recruits from Central Station and arriving outside the Harvard Club with more than forty heavily-armed lawmen. Ness marched alone to the front entrance and coldly told the face at the peephole, "I'm Eliot Ness. I'm coming in with some warrants."

Moments later the door opened and the raid proceeded.

Ness's display of courage and determination won praise from the press and applause from the public. Cleveland had a new hero, one who restored faith in the law. It was the beginning of a bittersweet relationship between the former "Untouchable" and Cleveland, during which Ness would compile one of the most outstanding records of achievement in the city's history.

TRUE TO HIS WORD, Ness immediately began purging the police department of its "bad apples." He scrutinized the records of everyone in the department suspected of corruption or unfavorable behavior. In the course of his investigation he assembled a file on each suspect—hundreds of them, veterans and rookies alike—containing solid evidence, anonymous tips, and mere rumors. But the undertaking was no witch hunt. Determined to give each individual a fair chance, Ness set out to check every lead, no matter how indisputable or trivial the information appeared.

The task proved enormous. Some legwork was delegated to trusted aides, but for the most part Ness did his own investigating. He reportedly spent almost every night through the summer of 1936 at this work, talking to prostitutes and criminals in bars and back alleys one evening, meeting with prominent, wealthy city figures the next.

Ness took his findings before a grand jury in October, providing sixty-six witnesses who were willing to testify against officers found tainted with corruption. Fifteen of the worst offenders were brought to trial, including a deputy inspector, two captains, two lieutenants, and a

sergeant. Two hundred policemen were forced to resign.

Ness also concentrated on modernizing the force and improving police efficiency. He established the Cleveland Police Academy, increased the number of police cars and motorcycles, installed two-way radios in all cars, carefully re-routed their patrols, and instituted a system wherein any call could be answered within sixty seconds. Within a year after implementing these and other advancements, Ness was able to report a 38 percent drop in crime overall, and a nearly 50 percent decrease in robberies.

Gradually Ness formed a new band of Cleveland "Untouchables" for difficult assignments and special investigations. With their aid, he brought twenty-three Cleveland mobsters to trial between 1937 and 1941. He supplied the evidence and witnesses, and Prosecutor Culliton—a close friend since the Harvard Club raid—did the rest.

Remarkably, Ness also found time to address the critical problem of juvenile delinquency. He organized a highly successful Boy Scout program, recruiting scoutmasters from the police and fire departments, enlisting sponsorship from local merchants, and providing municipal buildings for meetings. In 1938 he founded the Cleveland Boys town and created a special bureau to handle juvenile cases. Some city officials accused the safety director of "coddling young punks." But statistics, including a 62 percent decrease in juvenile crime, proved the wisdom of his youth program.

Ness's greatest accomplishment, however, was in traffic control. Prior to his appointment, Cleveland was ranked the second-worst American city in traffic-related deaths and injuries, averaging nearly 250 fatalities per year. The entire municipal system of traffic control had broken down.

In 1936 Ness began sweeping reforms in the traffic division, the department formerly called "Siberia," where the least-competent officers had been sent. Ness reversed that policy, cleaning out the undesirables and replacing them with men with favorable records. He created a court handling only traffic cases, and instituted on-the-spot examination of suspected drunk drivers, immediate arrest of those found intoxicated, severe discipline for officers found "fixing" tickets, and a regular program of automobile inspections.

The results of Ness's reforms were spectacular. In 1938 traffic-related deaths dropped by nearly half, to 130. The following year, fatalities further diminished to 115, and the National Safety Council awarded Cleveland the title "safest city in the U.S.A."

STRAIGHT-LACED, clean-cut, above reproach, and apparently indefatigable, Ness seemed too good to be true. Curiously, although Ness was one of the most visible men in Cleveland, no one knew much about his personal life. He remained an enigma to all, "a mystery man," as one reporter stated.

A few intimate friends of Ness and his wife reported that the crime-fighter relaxed by reading Shakespeare

Al Capone: Chicago's "Untouchable" Mobster

I make my money by supplying a public demand. If I break the law, my customers, who number hundreds of the best people in Chicago, are as guilty as I am. The only difference between us is that I sell and they buy. Everybody calls me a racketeer. I call myself a business man. When I sell liquor, it's bootlegging. When my patrons serve it on a silver platter on Lake Shore Drive, it's hospitality. . . . They say I violate the Prohibition Law. Who doesn't?

NEWSPAPERS called him the "Millionaire Gorilla." Those inside the vast criminal empire he built and ruled over spoke of him as "the Big Guy." To his more intimate associates and friends he was "Snorky." Few dared address him as "Scarface," the nickname that dogged him for life.

Alphonse Capone was born in Brooklyn (not in Italy as so many believed) in 1899. He arrived in Chicago in 1919, the same year Congress passed the Prohibition Enforcement Act. Although acclaimed the "noble experiment," Prohibition was tremendously unpopular and virtually unenforceable. It also gave criminals the opportunity to acquire immense power and incredible fortunes through an enterprise that thrived on public approval. Bootleggers flourished all over America; Capone was simply more ruthless, shrewd, greedy, and organized than the rest. By purchasing the protection and favor of local authorities (including Chicago mayor William "Big Bill" Thompson) and savagely eliminating his competition, he established himself, by 1925, as the recog-



BROWN BROTHERS, STERLING, PENNSYLVANIA

nized criminal czar of Chicago.

Capone rode through the streets of the Windy City in a seven-ton, armor-plated, chauffeur-driven limousine specially built for him by General Motors. His custom-fitted suits, all in bright, gaudy colors, cost \$135 apiece. Diamonds sparkled all over his person—on a tie clasp, stickpin, watch and chain, belt buckle, and, on his pudgy index finger, a \$50,000 eleven-

and listening to opera. He was a cat lover, having as many as six at a time. Although labeled a stuffed-shirt by some, Ness confided that he personally had no moral objection to drinking or gambling, the two vices he fought against most vigorously during his career. But as long as these practices were illegal and used by mobsters to build crime empires, it was his duty (some said his passion) to uphold the law. Above all else, Ness believed in the sanctity of the law and despised any form of corruption.

But just when Cleveland became convinced that its safety director was an infallible lawman, a string of unfavorable incidents began to erode his popularity.

In the summer of 1937 a demonstration by striking workers got out of control. Ness sent in an army of police, and they waded into the crowd swinging their nightsticks. The result was chaotic and bloody; more than a hundred strikers were hospitalized. Labor lead-

ers, many still smarting from Ness's investigations, portrayed the former "Untouchable" as a pawn of the companies, attempting to destroy Cleveland's unions.

Then there was the Torso Murderer, a latter-day Jack the Ripper who terrorized Cleveland from the fall of 1935 until 1938, gruesomely dismembering a dozen victims. The failure of police to catch the elusive psychopath triggered a wave of public indignation. While under fire with the rest of the department, Ness attempted to crack the case by leading a raid on a hobo jungle where some believed the killer dwelt. Finding no evidence, he ordered the hapless vagabonds jailed and their makeshift shacks burned.

Instead of praising, the public and press bitterly criticized the safety director and his raiders for venting their frustrations on the shantytown inhabitants. The Torso Murders were never solved, and Ness was one of the principal officials held responsible.

carat ring. Almost everything, even his shirts, bed-sheets, handkerchiefs, and underwear, bore his monogram "A.C." He filled his house on Prairie Avenue in Chicago and his plush Palm Island estate in Florida with valuable furnishings and decorations: oriental rugs, antique furniture, exquisite jade pieces, priceless sculptures, and paintings.

He entertained lavishly. Local politicians and national celebrities attended his parties. At restaurants and nightclubs he reportedly handed out hundred-dollar tips, never less than twenty dollars. On Chicago's streets people cheered and waved at the sight of the stocky mobster. When he appeared at a race track or Wrigley Field, hundreds rose and applauded him.

A credit to Capone's personal charm is that in spite of the carnage he caused in his gang wars, he remained a popular, almost revered figure to the general public. Through the decade of the "Roaring Twenties" nearly five hundred gang-related killings rocked the city without a single murderer being brought to trial. Most gangland figures hid themselves while the police investigated the slayings; Capone held press conferences. When denying the allegations against him he could be charming, and although he had never progressed beyond the fourth grade, he made an earnest effort to sound educated. He portrayed himself as the victim of false accusations and mere rumors. Some believed him. Others simply did not care. ("The gangsters only kill each other," was a popular saying among Chicagoans.) Nothing it seemed, not even the terrible St. Valentine's Day Massacre in 1929, could damage his image. He was, after all, a self-made man, the dark side of the American success story, and most of all "a business man" who gave the public what it wanted.

Capone made one major mistake—he never filed an income tax return. With his flashy lifestyle and flaunting of his fortune (estimated at close to

\$50,000,000), it was obvious to all that the ganglord had a prodigious income. But in itself his fantastic wealth was insufficient evidence in federal court for a conviction of willful tax evasion. It was the job of Special Agent Frank J. Wilson and his Treasury agents to link the mobster directly to a specific source of income, legal or illegal.

While Eliot Ness and his "Untouchables" acted as a thorn in Capone's side—diverting the mob's attention, draining its resources, and ruining its major business by raiding the breweries—Wilson and his teammates operated undercover, often right under the noses of Capone's chief men. Only after months of diligent work did the Treasury agents stumble upon a ledger confiscated from a Cicero gambling joint nearly five years before. The cashbook recorded that a large chunk of the casino's profit went to an "A. Costa," a known Scarface alias.

Next, Wilson and his agents studied handwriting samples of Capone's associates. They finally identified the entries in the ledger as the work of Louis Schumway, a one-time bookkeeper for the mob. Wilson traced Schumway to Florida and arrested him there. It took some harsh interrogation to convince the bookkeeper to cooperate, but ultimately he talked and provided the agents with the evidence they needed to construct a case against Chicago's "untouchable" mobster.

In October 1931 Capone was convicted on twenty-two counts of tax evasion and sentenced to serve eleven years in federal prison. He was released in 1939, after seven years and six months behind bars in three separate institutions, including Alcatraz. By that time untreated syphilis had deteriorated Capone's mind and body. Reduced to a feeble, harmless hulk, he retired to his beloved Palm Island estate. He died in his sleep there on January 25, 1947, a few days past his forty-eighth birthday. ★

By 1939 Clevelanders noticed their safety director's formerly conservative lifestyle was rapidly changing. That spring he divorced his wife of nearly ten years and began dating Evaline McAndrew, a fashion designer. The two were married in October. Ness and his twenty-eight-year-old bride moved into a fashionable shoreline home in the suburb of Lakewood, where they entertained frequently and lavishly.

In 1940 Ness accepted a post as a consultant with the Federal Social Protection Program, a national public-awareness campaign against venereal disease. The appointment required that he make repeated visits to Washington, D.C., and New York. He also became involved in a number of business ventures. Ness soon came under fire for spending more time pursuing personal interests and less in his role as safety director. Even press writers, formerly his most ardent supporters, were becoming critical, charging that he had grown

complacent in his job.

Ness's alleged shortcomings suddenly become hot topics when, in November 1941, Cleveland elected a new mayor, Democrat Frank J. Lausche. It was no secret Lausche wanted to replace the safety director, and he was not alone. Most prominent Democrats in the city, along with various police officials and labor leaders, were eager to see Ness removed.

Lausche nevertheless proceeded with caution. Although Ness's status had greatly diminished, he was still a powerful figure in Cleveland, with loyal supporters in City Hall, the police and fire departments, and local newspapers.

FOUR MONTHS after Lausche took office, "the accident" occurred. Whatever positive image Ness still enjoyed was now almost ruined. His critics made the most of the situation. The Director of Public Safety a

reckless driver? The former Prohibition agent driving while intoxicated?

Looking more serious than usual, Ness faced reporters a few days later and gave his version of the accident. He admitted having had several drinks but insisted he was not intoxicated, maintaining that the crash had been caused primarily by slippery conditions. He said he had left the scene with the intention of taking his wife—who had the wind knocked out of her—to the hospital. But Evaline soon recovered, asking to be taken home instead. “It was,” he stated, “a very unfortunate thing all the way through, but there was no attempt at evasion in any particular.”

While Ness may have been guilty merely of bad judgment and simple human error, the damage to his reputation was irreversible. Cleveland’s white knight had fallen from his pedestal, and his days as safety director were numbered. Still fearful of public reaction, Lausche and his Democratic colleagues put pressure on the former “Untouchable” to surrender his office. It worked. Less than two months later Ness resigned.

Ness now turned to his advisory post with the federal campaign against social diseases. The Office of Defense appointed him director of the program, a position he held for the next four years. The work kept alive his reputation as a valiant public servant, and won for him, in 1946, the Navy’s Meritorious Service Citation.

At the same time, however, Ness’s personal affairs kept him at the center of controversy. His myriad business connections occasionally caused him to be linked to scandals and rumors of shady dealings. In the midst of all this, Evaline left Ness and moved to New York.

On January 31, 1946, Ness married for the third time. His new bride was Elizabeth Andersen Seaver, a divorced sculptress. About a year later the couple adopted a son, Robert—Ness’s first experience with fatherhood.

In 1947 Ness returned to Cleveland with his family and offered himself as the Republican candidate in that year’s mayoral contest. His opponent was the Democratic incumbent, Thomas A. Burke. The labor unions, possessing an immense influence over blue-collar Cleveland, had always despised Ness and threw their support behind Burke. The ex-safety director nevertheless mounted an impressive campaign, raising \$150,000.

But Ness was not a politician. Those who recalled the glib, confident young lawman who had attracted hero worship with his dynamic accomplishments were frankly startled by the man now seeking the office of mayor. His once-boyish face was deeply lined, his shoulders were slouched, and a noticeable paunch had appeared at his waist. In public appearances Ness seemed nervous and stiff. His speeches were delivered flatly and failed to address any significant issues. Ness merely relied on his past fame as a crime-fighter and criticized his opponent.

When November arrived Ness won a dismal 85,990 votes—barely half the 168,412 Burke received in a landslide victory. Whatever political aspirations Ness had held perished.

TEN YEARS of obscurity followed. Financially, and perhaps emotionally, Ness never recovered from the defeat. Two divorces, the expenses of his campaign, and a series of unsuccessful business ventures left him in poverty. About a year after the election he returned briefly to Cleveland, inquiring of an old friend about a sixty-dollar-a-week job. A former associate who encountered him recalled later that “he was still a fairly young man, but he simply ran out of gas. He didn’t know which way to turn.”

In August 1956, Ness and his family moved to Coudersport, Pennsylvania, a small town on the banks of the Allegheny River. While running two small businesses, he began to work on his memoirs, a project that, with the collaboration of journalist Oscar Fraley, would lead to the slam-bang, glorified account of his gang-busting days in Chicago. He hoped the book would be successful enough to relieve his financial plight, as well as recover some of his faded fame.

Ness did not live to see the results. On May 16, 1957, he suffered a fatal heart attack. The former “Untouchable” was dead at forty-four.

At the time of his death, Ness was \$8,000 in debt. Listed with his estate was a \$200 royalty contract with the publishing company of Julian Messner, Inc., for his manuscript. Only months later *The Untouchables* arrived in bookstores, and soon television propelled Ness into the American public’s imagination.

Eliot Ness, whatever his faults, deserves his place in history. Some have dismissed him as a man obsessed with personal pride, interested only in promoting his own public image. But, lest we forget, many of America’s most beloved heroes—from Davey Crockett to General Patton—were famous for singing their own praises and were largely responsible for creating their own fame.

Even if the familiar character presented on film is largely unreal, Ness’s actual accomplishments were not. In two years Ness and his “Untouchables” had a greater impact in thwarting gangland activities in Chicago than the combined efforts of local, state, and federal authorities had over the course of a decade. As Cleveland’s safety director, Ness rejuvenated the city’s sagging municipal departments and transformed them into the finest in the nation.

Perhaps more important, however, was the image that Ness projected as a champion of law and order, decency and honesty, integrity and bravery. Like a frontier marshall protecting his town from the forces of lawlessness, he gave to the communities he served a hero to admire.

Ness ultimately fell from public favor only when he failed to live up to his own larger-than-life image. But through *The Untouchables*—the book, television series, and now a motion picture—he has been belatedly immortalized as one of America’s great lawmen.

It is an image the real Eliot Ness would have appreciated. ★

Steven Nickel is a free lance writer living in Wisconsin.

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Lafayette *Continued from page 25*

Meanwhile, in 1796, Justus Erich Bollman had moved to America. He failed repeatedly in business ventures before becoming a confidential agent of former Vice President Aaron Burr in 1805. Bollman became caught up in Burr's scheme to seize territory from Spanish America and create a new republic in the Southwest. Arrested and imprisoned, he recounted Burr's alleged plans to President Thomas Jefferson, but denied that the scheme was directed toward the United States. He declined Jefferson's offer of a pardon, saying that to do so would be to admit guilt. He died in 1821 in Jamaica.

WHEN LAFAYETTE visited the United States for the last time in 1824, balls, banquets, honors, and gifts were showered upon him. Francis Huger met him in New York during the city's tumultuous welcome to the French hero. Neither remembered what the other looked like, because they had met for only a few hectic moments in a field near Olmütz. After they became further acquainted, Lafayette informed Huger of the narrow escape the two would-be rescuers had by leaving Olmütz as soon as they were freed. They had scarcely crossed the frontier, said Lafayette, before an order came from Vienna to quash the court's proceedings and

hold the pair for a new trial. The decision of that court could not have been expected to be so lenient.

In the spring of 1825, Huger rejoined Lafayette upon his arrival at Columbia, South Carolina, where the general was handsomely entertained for a week. During this visit Lafayette frequently expressed his warmest regard and admiration for Huger. And, when the marquis proceeded on his journey, Huger and several others accompanied him to other southern cities and to Florida, from where Lafayette finally returned to New York and bade farewell to America for the last time.

Huger moved in 1826 to Pendleton, South Carolina, but toward the end of his life returned to Charleston. He died there on February 14, 1855, at the age of eighty-one, having outlived Lafayette by almost twenty-one years. ★

Recommended additional reading: La Fayette by Brian Whitlock (2 volumes, D. Appleton & Co., 1929) and Lafayette Comes to America by Louis Gottschalk (University of Chicago Press, 1935).

Alexandra Lee Levin, descendant of Virginia's Richard Henry Lee, is author of four biographies and more than sixty magazine articles.



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The National Historical Society Action Cards — THE CIVIL WAR

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The Chicago career of Eliot Ness, a young Federal Treasury agent determined to stop mobster Al Capone's bullet-riddled reign of terror during Prohibition, is portrayed by Kevin Costner (above) in Paramount Pictures' 1987 motion picture *The Untouchables*. "The biggest challenge of Eliot Ness is that he's not a flashy character, and the trick is to try not to make him flashy," Costner said. "He's . . . a homebody with a real sense of what's right and wrong." Nonetheless, the movie—and a previous television series—embellished the facts of Ness's crimefighting crusade. The real story of the enigmatic Eliot Ness appears in this issue.